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If The Earth Suddenly Stopped Revolving

Professor Thevenin Explains What Would Happen to the Globe if It Gradually Ceased to Turn in Its Orbit and Were Drawn Into the Fiery Furnace of the Sun

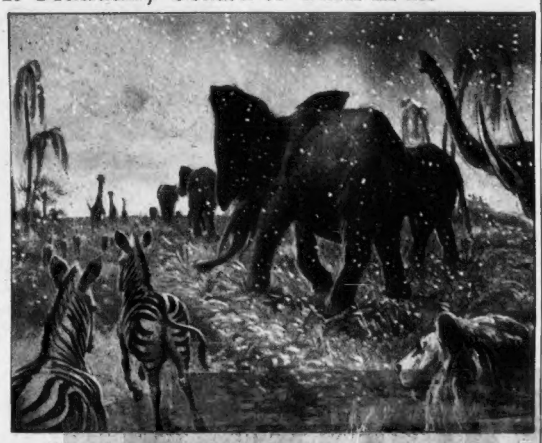
By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT would happen if the earth stopped its daily revolution on its axis?

If it should happen suddenly, which no astronomer expects, every movable object, including man, animals, buildings, boats and even mountains, would go flying off into space, destroying man and all his works so quickly that nobody would know what hit him.

But it is not fanciful to ask what would be the results if the earth should reach that condition gradually because it is known to be steadily slowing down, and some day, inevitably, will stop entirely. That day is so remote that it will have no effect on any living person or even any plan that humanity can start now for the future.



If Our Earth Ceased Revolving We Should Have Six Months of Night and Six Months of Daylight, and When the Night of Six Months Fell on Africa the Cold Would Be So Great That the Animals Would Be Driven to Follow the Sun.

The Last Moments of the Earth When It Is Falling in a Molten Condition at the Speed of 373 Miles a Second Into the Solar Furnace.

The world whirls in a frictionless vacuum and has no bearings to cause friction either, but there are other dragging influences, greatest of which is the endless washing of the tides, which have an effect equivalent to friction, and in time will stop the earth just as the moon's revolution has been stopped.

As every school child learns, that would change the planet's day from one of twenty-four hours to twelve months, six months of uninterrupted darkness and six months of unbroken daylight. If that were all, conditions might not be so different from those faced by the northernmost Eskimos at present. In reality that one thing would change almost every other detail of earthly surroundings that can be imagined.

In order not to be complicated, let us suppose that the actual stoppage occurred at a definite day, say the Spring equinox, March 21, and consider how things would look if we were living in what at present are the great forests of the Amazon, in South America, at dawn, after a six-months' night.

What will be our sensations? At this hour they will be extremely painful by reason of the terrible cold which prevails. Six months' night will have frozen everything around us, and we shall awake in the middle of an appalling wilderness of ice. We will suppose that we have had an opportunity during a period equal to six of our present weeks to take account of the nature of the desolate landscape which surrounds us, for a very sluggish twilight will have been lighting up the sky little by little.

But now the sun appears. It will be at first a brilliant point on the level of the horizon. This point will appear to remain motionless for a long time, for our senses cannot appreciate its movement any better than we can see a blade of grass growing. And if we consult our watches, supposing that these instruments remain the same as today, we shall see that it requires forty-eight of our hours for the entire disc of the sun to rise above the horizon.

However, man will have little cause to cheer the sunrise, because it will only bring him a new set of troubles.

At this slow rate of about once its diameter in the time of two of our days, the sun rises up into the sky. The heat which it gives out, far from warming us, makes us feel still colder. This is because it draws a blast of icy wind towards the already warm parts of the globe, and this wind, which was hardly felt during the full night, cuts our faces like blades of steel.

If we compare conditions of this future time with the present polar nights, when the temperature sometimes falls to 80 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, we may suppose that at the sunrise of which we speak on the arrested earth, the thermometer would fall to about 250 or 300 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. No useful plant and no warm-blooded animal could survive in this climate. All the animals, including man, would probably have taken their precautions at the beginning of the night and followed the sun.

Always rising with the same slowness, the sun at the end of 1,000 hours would have about accomplished a quarter of its daily journey and its rays would fall on us at an angle of about 45 degrees.

There is reason to suppose that we should not then draw any benefit from their direct radiation. No doubt thick fogs arising from the evaporation of the ice, which is beginning to melt superficially, would hide the sky and offset the effect of the warmth. Our situation would be even worse than at the beginning of the day, for we should be living in the midst of a sort of ocean of mud and melting ice in which all circulation is impossible because the boggy soil swallows up objects like moving sand, while on all sides yawning chasms open up and avalanches crash down. The cold is less extreme than at the beginning of the morning, but the humidity is deadly. This would be the most unhealthy moment of the day.

When We Are Only 30,000,000 Miles From the Sun the Waters of All the Oceans Will Have Evaporated, and There Will Remain on the Dried Depths Only the Metallic Wrecks of Ships Made Red-Hot by the Heat.

About 1,000 or 1,200 hours pass, a new and important change now takes place. We cannot say what would be the weather conditions at this future time, for science does not yet know how to predict them at present, and is still less able to do so for this changed world. However, we may consider the two most probable conditions: Either the heat, constantly increasing on the surface from which water is evaporating, would continue to form thick clouds, which would fall in torrents of rain, or these clouds would end by being scattered by the sun's rays, and we should begin to suffer from a tremendous rise of temperature, incomparably beyond that of the worst tropical deserts of today.

It must be remembered that the present deserts only receive the sunshine for twelve hours in succession and have time to cool themselves more or less during the night. But in this future time the rays striking the soil vertically for hundreds of hours, would end by burning it. And after having nearly died of cold, men would be in danger of dying of heat.

The present temperate zones, North America, Europe, etc., would be more habitable, and the same would be true of Chile, the Cape of Good Hope and South Australia. The heat there would be less fierce in the middle of the day. But in these places, more than ever, it would be impossible to foresee the weather complications which would happen to a world awakening from a night of six months, for night would last six months, as at the equator. It would be the same at the poles, naturally.

Under these conditions it is very probable that the life of man would be completely changed. Man, instead of being scattered over the surface of the globe, or nearly so, as at present, would concentrate in the more temperate zones, and instead of remaining in the same place, would move as nearly as possible with the sun until they were stopped by the sea at the west. They would return then to their starting point, at the edge of the eastern ocean, and would await there the return of the next day, having thus shortened considerably the excessively long night.

Other races might adapt themselves to conditions and live like the present Eskimos for some time. But nobody would be able to live in the region of the equator for the reasons that have been pointed out.

After a Night of Six Months the Ice-Cap, Which Would Extend Over All Europe, Would Begin to Melt. This Illustration Shows What Paris Would Look Like at the Return of Sunlight.

As a matter of fact, the situation would probably be worse than we have pictured because we are assuming something we have no right to assume—that the earth's inclination toward the sun would remain unchanged. That inclination, which gives us now our changing seasons, would be the only thing that would give us even the poor relief of that six months' change from night to day. However, the inclination is due to the earth's axis, and as soon as it ceased rotating there would be no axis with no cause for the inclination. With this force gone, the reasonable expectation is that the world would present the same face to the sun at all times, just as the moon presents the same face to the world eternally.

This would mean that one side of the planet would forever be plunged in unbroken cold and darkness, while the opposite side would be forever blasted by the unmitigated heat of the sun. Nothing could live on the cold, dark side and even less on the other. It has been calculated that if the heat poured upon the earth by the sun in one year were uniformly distributed it would be sufficient to raise an ocean of fresh water, sixty miles deep, from the temperature of melting ice to boiling point.

Now, this condition would be realized, according to our hypothesis, with this difference, that the greatest submarine depths are only a few miles instead of the sixty miles assumed. Let us imagine then what would happen on the surface of our poor earth.

If it was America that enjoyed the privilege of being lighted, the whole tropical region of that continent from Mexico down to Bolivia and Paraguay would be exposed without relief to the rays of a vertical sun and would soon be entirely scorched and reduced to an immense desert of burning rocks and sands, at the temperature of red-hot iron, or perhaps at melting point.

The Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, etc., would become enormous cauldrons of boiling water at a temperature above 212 degrees Fahrenheit, for this water would be salt, which would mean a higher boiling point than fresh water. And, moreover, the atmospheric pressure would probably be increased by the vast mass of clouds which would accumulate over this region.

Between the red hot and the icy cold sides there would be a twilight zone, neither hot nor cold, as far as the direct heat of the sun is concerned. This belt would not be habitable either. In the first place, blasting hurricanes of unbreathably hot and moist air would roar endlessly from the lighted side to the dark one, for a while. After a few centuries or millenniums these winds would cease because first the moisture would be deposited in the form of snow and ice in the dark side and finally the atmosphere itself in the form of frozen air.

This would be a relatively calm and peaceful wind-up for humanity compared with what would happen if the earth's journey around the sun should stop. This yearly trip provides a centrifugal force away from the sun which just balances gravity's pull toward the sun. Therefore the moment the earth stopped going around the sun it would at once start falling into the solar luminary, a distance of 93,000,000 miles, which an express train, traveling without stopping, would cover in 173 years. Our globe, however, would make the trip in about 64½ days.

Starting at the rate of only a tenth of an inch the first second, it would keep doubling speed until it reached its objective at the rate of 373 miles per second. Within a few hours so many calculations would be wrong that the astronomers would know the worst, and in a few days the man in the street would realize something

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It's So Simple—Just Clip On the New Jewelled Fingernails

LONDON.

ENGLISH women, for all their lively interest in the changing modes, always have been more conservative than their sisters on the Continent. For generations they have let the fashionable maids and matrons of Berlin, Budapest and Paris—particularly Paris—take the lead in startling, daring and ofttimes bizarre innovations in clothes and accessories. In a word, the ladies of Merrie England have been more than a trifle hesitant in "gilding the lily" too obviously.

But, for some reason, they seem to be getting less cautious these days and now and again they surprise even the Parisian czars of "la mode" by sponsoring fashions that are, to say the least, ultra-modern, if not downright freakish.

Perhaps the best recent example of this unusual originality on the part of some of King George's feminine subjects is the whole-hearted manner in which artificial fingernails are being taken up in Mayfair and in less exclusive and glamorous quarters of London.

The French, it is true, started the vogue, first with painted nails and then with artificial nails done in as many colors as can be found in the rainbow. But it is in conservative Britain that the fad has reached its highest peak to date—in detachable fingernails of gold and platinum, ornately set with diamonds, sapphires and all sorts of precious and semi-precious stones. Paris, taken by surprise at this unexpected move, cannot help feeling that London has stolen a march on her.

Prominent among the Londoners who have gone in for "phoney" fingernails that have to be specially fitted and fashioned—and which cost a lot of money for these times—is Mrs. Dick Wyndham, the young and beautiful wife of one of the country's most eminent artists. It was she who had the inspiration and the courage to appear with each of her shapely fingers embellished with a platinum nail all a-sparkle with gems.

The photograph at the extreme left of the page shows the forefinger of her right hand bedecked with this "last word" in personal adornment. The two smaller pictures show the "inside" and the "outside" of one of the spectacular and costly nail coverings.

Of course, England's dowagers of the Old School are not going in for the new nails—at least not yet—and they are saying some rather outspoken things about the members of the younger set who, in their opinion, are "trying to out-Paris Paris."

But the disciples of the bejeweled and synthetic nail are not at all upset by this criticism and are going right ahead ordering more expensive and ornamental sets of the things to match their favorite gowns.

"They're new and exciting and lovely," said one of Mayfair's most charming young matrons, "and I shall wear them until the vogue is forgotten for some new fad. It is no trouble at all getting a perfect fit and, with those little clasps that fasten over your real nails, they are on and off in a jiffy."

Above—The Index Nail, Which Is Made of Platinum, and Set With Jewels Which Sparkle From a Background of Colored Enamel.

An Enlarged View of the Gem-Set Nail Is Seen at the Right.

Another View of the Jewelled Nail Is Shown at the Lower Right. It Shows the Gadget Wrongside Up, and Also the Fastening Clip.

SASHA-PHOTOS

One of the Pioneers in Displaying the Ready-Made Manicures Was Mrs. Dick Wyndham, Young Wife of the London Artist. Mrs. Wyndham, Shown in the Photograph Above, is Credited With Introducing the Vogue in London.

Ten Feet of Sore Throat

WHEN the tallest giraffe in the Berlin Zoo began acting strangely the other day, the establishment's chief veterinary rushed to the creature's pen and, with the help of several keepers and a coil of stout rope, got the long-necked native of Africa down where he could make it, in a manner of speaking, "open wide and say 'ah'."

He worked on the animal for half an hour and finally announced, in answer to a question from one of the zoo's worried directors, that the trouble was not serious but only "about ten feet of sore throat."

The giraffe's throat was soothed by syrup, mixed with kerosene and kept at a safe temperature by a bandage. The gauze used for the wrapping, when it was finally placed on the animal's neck, measured 50 feet in length.

The Tallest Giraffe in the Berlin Zoo, Reported as Suffering From About Ten Feet of Sore Throat. The Animal Is Giving the Veterinaries of the Establishment One of Their Most Difficult Jobs.

Bridegroom Dies an Hour After Wedding

MORE than one honeymoon has been cut short by the sudden death of the bride or the bridegroom, but one of the saddest honeymoon tragedies on record occurred the other day in Homer, New York. The victim in this case was Arden Brown, of Waterbury, Connecticut.

Mr. Brown and his bride, the former Marie Goodelle, a school teacher, had gone to a tearoom directly after the wedding ceremony. They were in something of a hurry to be off on their honeymoon in the happy bridegroom's automobile, so they hustled their meal and had their luggage loaded in the car in less than an hour after the minister had said the words that made them man and wife.

The bridegroom took his place behind the steering wheel and the bride settled herself beside him. They would have many days together and see places that neither of them had seen before.

Mrs. Brown turned to look out the window to wave to some of her well-wishing friends—and when she addressed a remark to her husband she got no answer. She looked at him just in time to see him slump forward over the wheel. His fingers relaxed their grip on the wheel's rim and his eyes, so smiling and happy an instant before, stared fixedly.

His wife, thinking that he had fainted, tried to rouse him. But to all her frantic rubbing of his hands and her tearful repeating of his name there was no response. A physician was summoned and, after a brief examination, he told Mrs. Brown that her husband was dead—the victim of a heart attack.

A Close-Fitting Bicycle

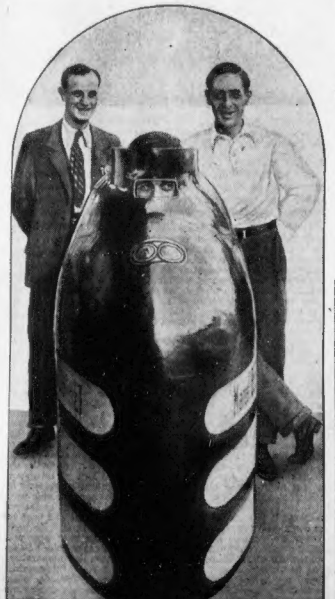
MARCEL BERTHET, the French bicycling champion, has one consuming ambition—to pedal a two-wheeled machine faster than any man ever has sent one over a track before. For many years he has been playing with the idea of a streamlined bicycle, built along the lines of the fastest racing automobile, but it was not until lately that he conceived and actually tried out the idea.

Some of the Frenchman's cycling colleagues jokingly called his device the "capsule," and others called it the "beetle." It does resemble both those things, but it actually is a light-weight shell of wood and metal that fits closely over rider and machine.

A small model of the shell was put through a series of tests in the wind tunnel of a French airplane factory and experts labored on the model until they had it as compact, smooth and "resistanceless" as possible.

Scientific tests showed that, with the shell in place, the resistance offered by a bicycle and rider was cut down practically 50 per cent, and that the whole sleek and highly polished cover did not offer as much surface for the air to press against as the body and legs of the rider, to say nothing of the machine he pedalled.

In his trial spins on the circular racing track of the Parc des Princes, in Paris, Monsieur Berthet proved that his notions about streamlining are more than fantastic dreams because, at top speed, he was able to send his wheel along at the rate of a mile in better than 1 minute and 40 seconds, and he expects to improve on this speed when he gets used to his freaky machine.



Head-on View of the Enclosed, Streamlined Bicycle, With the Rider Protected From the Wind.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO.-PHOTOS

Marcel Berthet, the French Cycling Champion, About to Test His Invention.

If the Earth Suddenly Stopped Revolving

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was wrong as the world began to warm up in its approach to the fiery furnace. The first result of the rise of temperature would be to cause a greater quantity of water to change to vapor than at present. Enormous clouds would form in our atmosphere, with the result that during the first days of our Fall the heat we should experience would be perhaps increased and would be more painful to endure.

On the other hand, the sky would grow dark and would be covered with impenetrable clouds which would soon melt into terrific torrents of rain. Various magnetic phenomena would accompany this change. The sky would be streaked with vast flashes of lightning, and magnetic disturbances would be felt in every direction. We should feel the terrifying sensation of a mighty hitherto unknown storm, the cause of which we should not at first understand, beneath a sky in which no celestial body would be visible.

At the same time, strange changes would occur in the ocean tides. At the time of the highest tides, when the sun and moon unite their action, they would be much higher than ever before. The waves raised by violent air currents would be dashing with a force never before known on the shores; would break over great areas of country and destroy cities and fields.

At the end of the first month the existence of the survivors of the human race will have become subterranean. We shall no longer dare to venture on the surface, where the heat will rise from day to day and the terrors we have already indicated will break out with continually increasing violence. Soon the equatorial seas will begin to boil and will throw up water spouts attaining the height of mountains. The air will become a sort of electrified matter, shaken by discharges and penetrated by flames of lightning which will rage without interruption. The air itself will undergo the effects of a more and more violent attraction which will throw its mass towards one point, while on the opposite side of the globe it will become more and more scarce. It is probable at a certain moment the atmosphere will be pumped up by the sun as if by a mighty vacuum cleaner. While a few men may still continue to exist deep in caverns, those on the surface will have suffered their last agonies during the fifth and sixth weeks.

Soon the water vapor will no longer be sufficient to form a protective screen for the earth. The rarefied atmosphere will allow the burning rays to pass in all their strength. The seas will be emptied of their waters and perhaps many strange things that have been hidden there since the beginning of creation will be revealed for a brief time before they are burned up.

In the torrid zone solid bodies will be begin to melt. At a temperature of 230 degrees Fahrenheit, sulphur occurring on the surface will melt and give out poisonous gas. The people in the caverns will now be dead and their dried up bodies like those of mummies in Egyptian tombs.

From this time the catastrophe will become increasingly great with every moment. It may be calculated that life will become impossible on the globe at about the moment when it reaches the orbit of Mercury—that is to say, about 36,000,000 miles from the sun, which will be when it has completed about two-thirds of its fall.

At about 30,000,000 miles from the start of our fall, the sun, if there are any eyes to see with, will appear seven or eight times greater than at present and spread over our unhappy planet torrents of fearful heat. The empty oceans will be only basins of baked mud, at the bottom of which the hulls of old wrecked iron ships will appear red-hot, as if in a forge.

By this time our globe will have become a sort of metallic sphere with its entire surface in a melted condition. The atmosphere will exist no longer. Before touching the surface of the sun, the earth will fuse and explode, and when it finally comes in contact with the attracting body, it will be only a mass of burning gases.

The meeting of the two bodies will provoke a new explosion of heat, equal to the heat given out by a burning mass of coal 1,600 times the size of the earth and giving off as much heat as the sun now supplies in 95 years.

Next week we will consider what would happen if the earth should speed up its movements.

(To Be Concluded Next Week)

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Mrs. Cartier's Oddly Scrambled Marriage

Divorced Two Husbands Before She Wed, Divorced, Remarried and Again Divorced the Wealthy Broker--- and Now Asks the Courts to Make Him Recognize Her as His Wife Once More in Spite of the Fact That He Has, He Claims, an Entirely Satisfactory New One

Mr. Louis B. Cartier. Who Says Corinne Isn't His Wife Any More.

The Present Mrs. Cartier. Whom the Former Mrs. Cartier Has Asked the Courts to Stop From "Impersonating Her."

Mrs. Corinne Olivette Lolr-Stetson-Cartier (and Also Schoenfeld, Her ex-Husband Asserts), the Former Southern Fashionable Belle and Beauty, Whose Suit to Be Reinstated as Her Third Husband's Wife Is Proving Such a Puzzle.

VICTIMS of amnesia forget most everything, even who they are. But did ever a husband and wife, conscious and in their right minds (even if they are husband and wife) get so muddled and confused in their relations as the wealthy New York stockbroker Louis P. Cartier and the lovely Corinne Olivette Cartier?

Here are some of the queer conundrums in the "legal headache" which this perplexed pair has asked the courts to straighten out for them.

Olivette thinks she is Mr. Cartier's one and only, genuine, bona-fide wife. For that, and other good and valuable considerations she also thinks he owes her a lot of money.

Mr. Cartier and the lady whom he personally thinks is Mrs. Cartier say that Olivette is the wife of Judge August D. Schoenfeld of Patchogue, Long Island.

Besides back payments on bed and board, dower rights, etc., Olivette wants the courts to cure Lou of the "delusion" that a certain trained nurse named Elynn Dahl is Mrs. Cartier, and to put her right out of his heart and homes. Also she wants that lady to stop "impersonating" her, put on her uniform and go back to work. Since both are blondes, perhaps the court ought to order the wrong one to dye her hair.

Elynn's answer to Olivette is a marriage certificate, which Olivette attempts to blow out of the courtroom with the one word, "Bigamy."

Mr. Cartier counters with the statement that Olivette got a divorce in Mexico, so it isn't bigamy.

"A Mexican divorce isn't worth the paper it is written on," is Olivette's comeback. Recent decisions of New York courts sustain this contention, provided the divorce is contested. But Mr. Cartier has an equally sound objection. He is not contesting, and he claims that Olivette can't do so either for two reasons. In the first place, she got the divorce and, on the strength of it, he says she married the Long Island judge. That ought to settle it but it doesn't.

"Never was I married to Judge Schoenfeld in my life," replied Olivette, "Where did he ever get such a notion?"

To show that he did not dream it, Lou produced a sheaf of newspaper clippings relating Olivette's lively doings when she occupied the 110 room, $7,000,000 Vanderbilt mansion, "Idle Hour," on Long Island, and got a summons for reckless driving. The clippings also speculate on the identity of the handsome young man who burst out of the mansion one night with a black eye and in a great hurry. In all those clippings the papers had the same notion that she was Mrs. Schoenfeld and nobody seems to have set them right.

"I didn't write those accounts and they are all wrong, anyway," says Olivette. "It was just a delusion."

As evidence that Olivette once shared that "delusion," the gentleman who is known as Lou introduces a photostat copy of a mortgage, which she signed with her own fair hand, "Olivette Schoenfeld."

Even this can be explained. Olivette says that she signed it that way because the lender had that same delusion and would not have let her have the $10,000 if she had put down her proper and true name. What could be more plausible? Anyone who would lend $10,000 these days is deluded anyway, many people think, and if he had one delusion he might have another.

No matter whose little wife she turns out to be, Olivette says Lou owes her fifty cents out of every dollar he can make the rest of his life. This Lou considers the most serious delusion of all, but to show she isn't dreaming, that lady exhibits his signature to a document agreeing to that very thing.

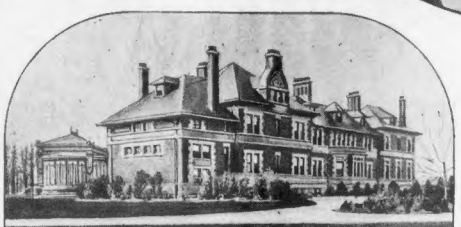
Can Lou answer that? He can and he does, asserting that it is null and void because there was no legal consideration. In fact he claims that it was due to the most grievous lack of consideration of his feelings, such as kicking, scratching and biting him in the clinches, shrieking and yelling like a mad woman and threatening to go before the president of the Curb Exchange and ruin him, that he signed the paper.

No wonder judges grow grey early. But this isn't all. When these little questions have all been settled Olivette has some more riddles for courts to answer.

For instance she wants them to reopen an alienation of affections case in which last Summer Mrs. Roy Ergenstedt of New York City asked $100,000 of Mrs. Cartier and won a default judgment of $10,000. Mrs Ergenstedt charged that she and her sister broke into Mrs. Cartier's Manhattan apartment one night and found Mr. Ergenstedt in the bathroom and a woman in bed. The alienation action was coupled with a divorce action; Mrs. Ergenstedt charged her husband with infidelity and named Mrs. Cartier corespondent. She said that the two had met several years before in Oakdale, L. I., where Mrs. Cartier was living and where Roy was the manager of a hotel.

When this suit came up for trial last Summer, Mrs. Cartier was neither on hand herself nor represented by counsel, so Justice Isidor Wasservogel awarded Mrs. Ergenstedt a default verdict and $10,000 damages.

Olivette says she hardly knew a thing about it until some annoying person came to collect the money, and the reason she lost the case was, she says, because she got so mixed up—what with one thing and another—that when it came to trial she just couldn't manage to be on hand.



"Idle Hour," the Expensive 110-Room Vanderbilt Mansion on Long Island, for a Time Mrs. Corinne Cartier's Home.

It is strange how mistakes and delusions pursue this attractive woman. One day when she came home from a trip to California she found a horrid piece of paper nailed to the door of her Long Beach waterfront residence. It was an attachment on the property, one of many she owns in New York State, by Mrs. Rose Hoffpauir of New York City, who charged that her missing husband, Curley Hoffpauir, had eloped to California with the charming Olivette. Rose mourned her loss to the extent of $100,000, but Olivette says she only consulted Curley, who is a lawyer, on purely legal matters. Any way the affair was settled out of court.

When Walter Warmer, superintendent of the Sherman Square Hospital, in New York, found that a check for $144 given him by Olivette, at the time when everyone thought she was Mrs. Schoenfeld, came bouncing back at him, unpaid, and Dr. David Hoyt had the same experience with one for $100 they took their fair patient to the Yorkville Court for a judicial diagnosis.

Olivette explained it as follows. She had gone to their hospital to be cured of a nervous breakdown the result of a "delusion" by the police of Patchogue that she had bumped into two of their cars parked outside the station house and that she had collided with the spacious portals of the Vanderbilt 110 room palace. It was enough to give anyone nervous prostration just to have that many rooms on her hands.

When the hospital and Dr. Hoyt pronounced her normal again, it must have been another delusion because she was still so nervous that she picked up the wrong check book. Even Mr. Rockefeller hasn't money in every bank. She wrote some new checks presumably on the correct bank because the medical gentlemen did not bring her back to court for further treatment.

Nobody disputes that Olivette, wealthy and one of the most attractive society debutantes of Mobile, Ala., married Capt. Edward C. Lohr, of Seattle, Washington. This was soon followed by divorce and a grand military wedding to Lieut.-Commander Edward Wilder Stetson, but again came divorce for reasons not definitely known. In Alabama there is a peculiarly painless form in which it is not necessary to charge actual cruelty but merely contemplated cruelty. If a wife sees that her husband is thinking of being cruel, she doesn't have to wait until he actually does or says something mean to her before the kindly courts will uncouple them.

After these two experiments she married Cartier who bought his bride an estate of 500 acres at Ridgefield, Conn. The house had 40 rooms, great stables for breeding horses and every sort of luxury. But Olivette tired of rural life and moved her husband back to the big city where for six years she says she went to Wall Street with him and learned all the tricks of his trade.

Judge August D. Schoenfeld, Who Mr. Cartier Alleges Is Corinne's Present Husband, but She Denies It.

There was a divorce which both Lou and Olivette agree is no good because she remarried him later, making four undisputed weddings, without counting the disputed fifth, for the Southern belle.

"That man is still in love with me and I could have him all over again, if I wanted him," said Olivette, a statement vehemently denied by Lou when Elynn asked him about it. In his formal statement Mr. Cartier says:

"I married Corinne Olivette Cartier in 1923 and we were divorced in 1925, remarried in 1927 and again divorced in 1932. I am a securities broker and own a seat on the N. Y. Curb Exchange.

"Some time after I married her in the Fall of 1927 and as my business improved, she began to make larger and larger demands upon me. Shortly prior to March, 1928, she culminated these demands with the demand that I agree to give her one-half of my earnings for the rest of my life.

"There was no reason for this so I refused to comply.

"Thereupon she commenced to annoy, harrass and nag me, attack me physically, kick and scratch me, and she broke articles of furniture.

"She caused me constant mortification on numerous occasions by weeping and enacting hysterical scenes and having drunken brawls and thereupon to continue to embarrass me in my social relations and in business unless I would sign an agreement assigning to her half interest of my earnings.

"Finally my health became impaired and my ability to conduct my business was seriously threatened. And I signed it.

"On June 27, 1933 she notified the Board of Governors of the N. Y. Curb Exchange that $122,637 was due her and requested the Exchange to compel me to make payment to her. The Exchange has requested me to answer her complaint.

"The instrument is unconscionable and was exacted by her from me in fraud of my rights and with intent by her to defraud me.

"I want that alleged agreement declared null and void."

Mrs. Olivette Cartier's complaint prepared by Attorney Maxwell Cohen, of 60 East 42nd Street, N. Y., says:

"We were married on Sept. 16, 1927, in Alexandria, Virginia. Lou and I are still husband and wife. While we were still married, Lou married Elynn Dahl in Connecticut in June, 1931.

"On March 1, 1932, he demanded that I give him a divorce so as to give validity to the marrige to Elynn Dahl. On my refusing he threatened to withhold payments on the two agreements in accordance with which I was entitled to half his earnings. On April 8, 1932, I got a Mexican divorce from Lou. I was compelled to sign the petion for divorce by force.

"This divorce is invalid.

"We are still husband and wife and Elynn Dahl has been impersonating and pretending to be me, and she and my husband have been living together as husband and wife since June, 1931.

"My dower rights are endangered by their conduct.

"I am seeking a declaratory judgment decreeing that I am the lawful wife of Louis Cartier—that the Mexican divorce is null and void—and that Elynn Dahl be restrained from holding herself out as the lawful wife of Louis Cartier."

"General denial and hooey!" says Lou.

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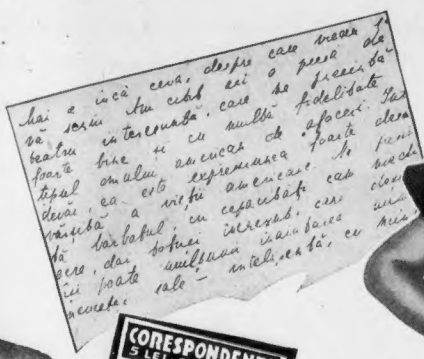
Wife Fooled Him With Another Woman's Handwriting, So He Wanted A Divorce

Zoe Nicolescu, Who Did the Writing of the Love Letters by Which Her Friend Felicia Won the Handwriting Expert's Heart.

Nicola Cantemir, the Handwriting Expert, Who Wanted a Divorce Because He Found Out That His Wife Isn't the Same Girl Who Wrote Him the Love Letters That Made Him Propose to Her.



—Above—
Sample of Zoe Nicolescu's Writing, as She "Ghosted" in the Mail Courtship for Another Girl.

(At Left) Advertisements in the "Agony Column" and Matrimonial Section of a Rumanian Newspaper—the One Which Started the Romance.

(At Right) Mrs. Cantemir, the Former Felicia Manescu, Who Won the Young Man's Heart With the Help of a "Ghost Writer" and Who Almost Lost Him When Her Deception Was Exposed.

ONE of the strangest divorce suits ever aired in the courts of Rumania supplied plenty of excitement for the citizens of Cernovitz a few weeks ago, and then wound up in a sudden and more or less happy reconciliation when the presiding judge advised the plaintiff-husband to brush up on his graphology and stick to his good-looking young wife, even if she had deceived him.

The testimony of the couple, and of a young woman named Zoe Nicolescu, revealed a somewhat comic, if touchingly romantic, case of love-by-correspondence. The man, Nicola Cantemir, had read an advertisement in the lonely hearts column of a Rumanian newspaper three years ago, when he was superintending a job of road construction in a small village. The real name of the lonesome young woman was not given, but a letter from the young civil engineer reached her through the newspaper.

She answered the letter in a manner so intelligent and interesting—and in so beautiful a hand—that Cantemir, whose hobby was reading character through handwriting, began a courtship by mail that went on for a year before he finally persuaded the girl to meet him in Cernovitz and reveal herself as well as her name.

So it was that Nicola Cantemir met Felicia Manescu. He found her even more charming than he had imagined and, a month later, they were married. They had been living together happily for nearly two years when something happened that made the husband suspect that he had been duped into domestic bliss.

His wife who, during their honeymoon, explained that she had injured her right hand and had been advised by her physician to do all her writing on a typewriter for a long time, perhaps several years, gave Nicola a post card to mail on his way to work. The message on the card was typed, but the husband's observing eye noticed a couple of lines of handwriting at the bottom of the card. The writing was nothing like that which graced the pages of a bundle of love letters he had safely put away in a drawer of his desk—the writing which had led him from bachelorhood to happy wedlock.

All day he thought about his discovery, and that night there was an unpleasant domestic scene during which Felicia finally confessed that Zoe Nicolescu, not she, had written his treasured batch of love letters. Zoe had put the advertisement in the newspaper, but she was not the marrying kind and had begged Felicia to meet the engineer when he came to Cernovitz and present herself as the charming correspondent. Felicia had agreed and had carried the deception to the altar because she had fallen deeply in love with the engineer.

The wise judge who sat on the case asked Nicola if, granted a divorce on the grounds of deception, he intended to marry the real writer of the letters.

"No," replied the plaintiff. "Why should I? I don't love her."

Instead of handing down a legal decision, the judge invited the amateur graphologist and his deceiving wife into his private chambers, from which they emerged an hour later, arm-in-arm and smiling happily.

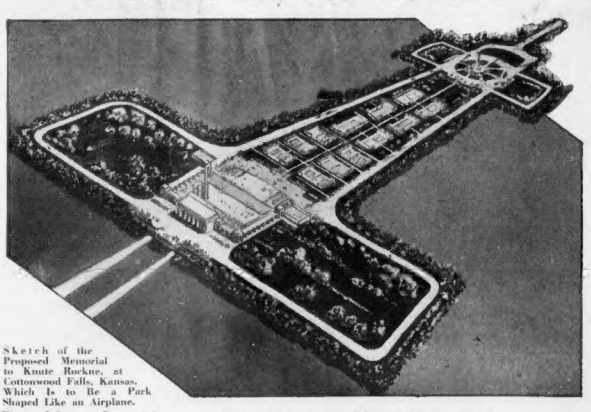
Park Shaped Like Plane As Memorial to Rockne

IN the Spring of 1931, a plane crashed near Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, snuffing out the lives of seven persons, including Knute Rockne, beloved disciple of clean sport and the country's outstanding football coach.

The citizens of Cottonwood Falls, headed by W. C. Austin, have planned what would be the country's most unusual park as a memorial to the famous mentor of many of Notre Dame's fighting football teams. As the sketch at the right shows, the park would be laid out in the form of a huge airplane.

At the center of the main wing it is planned to erect a beautiful entrance building behind which are a swimming pool and a wading pool. The length of the landscaped fuselage would be occupied by tennis and handball courts and the tail of the plane would be ornamented by a circular garden with a tall flagpole in the center.

Roads and walks would surround and cross the unique park which would have large areas of lawn beautified by planting of trees, shrubs and flower beds. It is intended that the spot will be a sort of national shrine dedicated to Rockne's memory and to the healthful benefits of clean sport.



Sketch of the Proposed Memorial to Knute Rockne, at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, Which Is to Be a Park Shaped Like an Airplane.

Now Strangers Can't Get Lost in Berlin

A BUSINESS-LIKE looking box recently placed in one of the busiest spots in Berlin is making life easier and pleasanter for the visitor to the German capital. It is called an informator and the photograph below shows a good-looking young woman tourist finding out how to get to some place in particularly wants to go merely by pressing one of the 180 buttons of the face of the box. The button she's pressing is marked with the name of the place, and the voice of a telephone operator tells her exactly how to get there. Each of the buttons is marked with the name of some point of interest, including museums, parks, theatres, hotels and shops.

Each button, when pressed, establishes contact with the central office and opens a line so that the voice of the operator can be heard. Naturally the "hello girls" who handle the informator are able to speak English, French and Spanish as well as German.

The Robot Information Office in Berlin, Where You Can Plug in at Any Time and Have Any One of 180 Requests for Directions Answered.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Joe, a Three-Year-Old Orang-utan at the California Zoological Gardens in Los Angeles, Is an Up-and-Coming Young Fellow Who Has Picked Up Many of the Gestures of His Human Associates. As the Photograph—in Which He Is Taking a Stroll With Little Mildred Hawes—Shows, Joe Has Even Acquired "Hitch-hiker's Thumb." His Bright Eyes Have Spotted a Passing Car and He Is Begging a Lift for His Friend and Himself.

Why the Justice of the Peace Built His Private Jail

IN many sections of the country a justice of the peace is decidedly a minor official who occasionally marries a couple and affixes his signature and seal to legal papers. But in the coal mining country around East Bank, West Virginia, much of the burden of enforcing the law and punishing culprits falls to justices of the peace, who are reimbursed for their time and trouble by keeping a part of the fines they impose.

Harry Johnson, of East Bank, was one of the busiest and most potent of America's justices of the peace, but he beheld a great weakness in his jurisdiction—the place had no jail. Officers of the law were taking prisoners to justices in the next county, twenty miles away, because there was a jail there and because they could collect expenses for services rendered the State in capturing and transporting enemies of the social order.

Naturally, it irked Mr. Johnson to see business and income slipping away from him and the community, so he conceived the bright idea of putting up a jail of his own. He talked the matter over with the officers charged with keeping the peace in the neighborhood of East Bank and they were all for it.

The result is a stout one-story building of concrete, with cells, iron bars and all the conveniences of the up-and-coming jail. There are places of incarceration for men and for women, and the structure was even provided with a ventilating system and lavatories.

As soon as the jail was ready for business, eight State officers, a constable and a prohibition enforcement officer made it their headquarters and began hauling in lawbreakers at the rate of about 100 a month. Three-quarters of the arrest were "booze cases." "Court costs" in the average case ran about $7.50 and fines ranged from about $40 for drunkenness to $130 for illegal possession of intoxicating liquor in large quantities. It seemed to Justice of the Peace Johnson and his staff that the building of the private jail was the beginning of a New Deal in the mining country around and about East Bank.

Mr. Johnson's jail cost him about $1,500 and, being a hard-headed business man as well as a protector of the public weal, he worked out a plan whereby he could make the wrongdoers absorb the cost of construction as well as illicit and inflaming beverages. He decreed that every inmate of the jail should pay for his keep at the rate of $1 a day for his room and 25cents for every meal consumed. Mrs. Johnson was installed as matron and cook.

The miners of West Virginia do not like spending time in jail any better than disturbers of the peace in other parts of the country, but those that have put in time in the private penitentiary, report that Mrs. Johnson is a bang-up cook and that she sets a better table than many a West Virginia housewife. And she's not mean when it comes to quantity.

Mr. Johnson, although he stands firm in his belief that law-breakers should pay for their errors, sees to it that his charges are well supplied with reading matter to break the tedium of life behind the bars.

As is usually the case, certain envious citizens of East Bank got it into their head that Mr. Johnson was doing altogether too well for a public servant and his right to own and operate a jail was questioned. The issue went to court and a jury of twelve good men and true decided that the justice of the peace is well within his rights and that his private "pen" is a distinct social and economic asset to the community, into the treasury of which a certain portion of every fine imposed goes.

The populace—with the exception of a few anti-social fellows who believe that they should be allowed to drink liquor, or supply it to others, without interference—seems to be solidly behind Jail Builder Johnson. They believe in keeping business at home, even the kind of business that is no credit to any community, and they point out, with the Johnsons, that if a man is a good citizen he'll have no occasion to board and room (at the rate of $1.75 a day) at what is sometimes humorously dubbed "Hotel Johnson."

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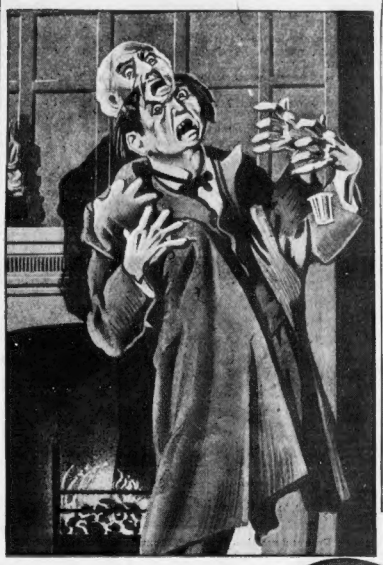
Astonishing After Effects of "Sleeping Sickness"

Not Only Does It Leave the Victim Paralyzed or Crippled, but Often Enfeebles His Mind and Sometimes Changes an Upright, Respectable Person Into an Immoral Voluptuary

Little Eight-Year-Old Joe Huggins, of Memphis, Tenn., With His Aunt Praying Beside His Bed. Although Joe's Eyes Are Open He Cannot See, and He Has Not Regained Consciousness Since He Was Stricken With the Sleeping Sickness Four Months Ago.



The Transformation of the Good Dr. Jekyll Into the Evil Mr. Hyde in Robert Louis Stevenson's Famous Story, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Similar Changes in Character Are Often Caused by the Germ of "Sleeping Sickness."

Illustration by R. G. Hulme Beaman in the Bodley Head Edition of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

An Unusual Proportion of the Victims of the Recent Epidemic of Sleeping Sickness in St. Louis and Nearby Counties Have Been Attractive, Intelligent Young Women in Comfortable Circumstances, of Whom Miss Vivian Freeman, of Carsonville, Mo., Whose Picture Is Here Printed, Is a Type. She Died of the Disease After Only a Few Days' Illness.

THE outbreak of "sleeping sickness" in St. Louis which attracted public attention all over the country in recent weeks, has subsided. But the unhappiest part of it is that no one can be sure whether those who seem to have recovered will not be overcome with distressing after-effects, which are not apparent now and may not develop for six months, or even a year or two. Of course, it is widely known that if a victim does not die of sleeping sickness he may be left hopelessly paralyzed, crippled, or subject to tremors, twitching and twisting spasms and physical deformities.

But what is not generally known is that a more insidious and extraordinary series of after-effects sometimes happen which undermine the mind and moral character of the patient.

Men, women and children who have apparently recovered from an attack of sleeping sickness without any resulting paralysis or bodily infirmity find that, later on, their minds are affected. Business men on whose keen and balanced judgment the business had prospered now find themselves unable to concentrate and think about their problems, or if they continue in responsible positions their judgment is no longer safe to follow.

Perhaps, even more extraordinary are the effects on the moral character of both men and women. Medical men have been aghast to find patients who had been upright and honorable men in the community develop into rogues and persistent frequenters of disreputable resorts they had never thought of visiting before their illness. Some have also been transformed from scrupulously honest men into indulgers in shifty, dishonest practices. Women of the highest character, devoted to husband and family, have become immoral and neglectful of all that was dear to them before the attack of sleeping sickness. Children have seen respected parents become criminals or voluptuaries.

"Approximately seventy per cent of sleeping sickness cases in the past have resulted in a condition worse than death," said Dr. C. P. May, president of the Louisiana Society for Mental Hygiene.

The reason this malady, known medically as "encephalitis lethargica," is often followed by these sequelae "worse than death," is because the germ, still undiscovered, is one of the very few that strikes straight at the citadel of the human being—the brain itself.

To study these after-effects, which may not develop until many months after the patient seems to have fully recovered, a "follow-up committee" has been appointed to watch the cases that occurred in St. Louis. It is the deformities of the mind in both adults and children, which range all the way from criminality to insanity, rather than the deformities of the body, to which this committee will give their attention.

One of the most pathetic cases is known to the National Public Health Service at Washington, D. C. An unusually skilful young surgeon contracted the "sleeping sickness," diagnosed it himself and therefore had the best of care from the very beginning. With this advantage he seemed to recover completely and, after a rest, resumed his work only to retire after a few weeks. Before leaving Washington he told one of the Service doctors that the first time he operated he discovered that he had lost almost entirely the faculty of judgment, one of the highest qualities of the mind. Yet the rest of his intelligence was unimpaired, and it told him that he was not fit to be a surgeon. He disappeared and soon after died of a broken heart.

Little Sallee Dalton, One of the Most Interesting Cases of the Related Disease of Infantile Paralysis—She Is Shown Cheerfully Smiling Out of the Cumbersome "Iron Lung," Which for 600 Hours Took the Place of the Paralyzed Breathing Muscles. But After Two Years She Lost Her Fight and Died.

Equally pathetic was the case of a young man quite as ambitious and successful in a different profession. Besides his brilliance he was unusually calm-nerved and well-balanced. But the sleeping sickness brought him down and, after a long period in the hospital, he came out in wretched nervous condition. To those who told him that his nerves would get better in time he answered:

"I don't believe it. I am not myself. The best part of me is gone."

However, he went home and did his best for a year. At the end of that time, finding himself still a nervous wreck who could not concentrate on his work and given to ungovernable fits of temper, he bade his wife farewell and entered an insane asylum voluntarily, though he is not insane.

A girl of 20 was attacked by the disease and, after a rather slow recovery, the hospital authorities were inclined to think she was none the worse. She was impulsive, garrulous, eagerly devoured any "sexy" book she could get hold of, and, continually giggling and chattering, was somewhat of a bore and nuisance. But the nurses were used to many young girls who were that way normally.

They did not know that until the unseen microbe invaded her brain she had been an unusually intelligent, thoughtful and well-poised girl who despised just such persons as she had become. Now, though she is physically healthy and energetic, she has lost all her former friends and taken up others so low mentally and morally that her family are ashamed to have them in the house. Worst of all, they realize that their own girl is no better than her associates, and yet she is their flesh and blood whom they must take care of for life.

The disease affects older people just as sadly. A man of 43, whose dignified manner, dress, morals and general behavior had been a model to his family and neighbors, came out of the hospital so noisy, profane, irritable, flirtatious and untidy that he became a public nuisance and disgrace. Only the sympathy and understanding of neighbors, police and magistrates have so far saved him from paying the penalty of various shameful and childish breaches of propriety and decency. He can't help it. Everyone knows he is a once fine man who now has a deformed brain.

An Irish woman of forty who had been in domestic service in the same family since childhood became a victim. She was paid what most persons would consider extravagant wages because she was one of those perfect servants on whom a household relies until it thinks it could not get along without her. Everyone yearned for the day she would come back to them.

Mary came back plump and rosy-cheeked from a long convalescence in the country, yet the household felt the difference instantly. She remembered everyone and everything, and still she was a stranger. The first day she "hauled out" the mistress of the house, smashed dishes and made herself generally impossible. The family put up with her until she began to hear voices and have suicidal tendencies and then, because there were children in the household, they dared not keep her any longer.

In 1921, a youth who was the pride of his parents, came down with the disease and seemed to have a perfect recovery.

Warned by the doctors, however, the parents watched him carefully for six months after his return but could detect no difference in him. Quite evidently he must be one of the lucky 30 per cent. Then one day, without the slightest warning, he came home with an armful of the most extreme radical books and with an insolent look announced that the world was all wrong, he was tired of working and would not do so until the world was made right again.

He spent his time loafing and gambling, flew into rages when criticized, stole articles around the house and once set it on fire. Several times his father induced friends to give him employment only to learn that he had become unemployable. There is nothing to be done but try to keep the youth at home and hope that he will not come into conflict with the police. If this happens, as it often does, his proper place is in an institution for the criminally insane. Frequently these unfortunates run away from home and when caught in some criminal act in a distant part of the country are sent to prison with ordinary criminals, which they are not.

Miss Patricia Maguire, of Oak Park, Ill., Who Has Slept for a Year and a Half, the Longest Period Known for Survival

Among the very young, the disease produces that wretched specimen known as the "problem child" who won't obey his parents, can't learn anything in school and disrupts the schoolroom discipline. A bad child is usually the result of bad heredity or bad home influences, for both of which the parents are responsible. But in these tragedies nobody is to blame because medical science cannot tell a father and mother how to insure against the sleeping sickness. It strikes healthy, robust youngsters who have the best of diet and care quite as much as the undernourished and neglected.

Yet sometimes the injury is physical while the mind and character are left undamaged. A boy came to the Public Health Service the other day offering his blood for serum to help others recover. Though he had been stricken in the last previous epidemic in such a way that he might well have been full of bitterness, there he stood, like the good boy scout he was, ready to do his good deed, cheerfully.

The disease had turned the eyes of this splendid little fellow far out on each side. He had submitted to an operation in vain, and worn prisms but could not stand the strain of them. By a strong effort of will he could make his eyes stay straight long enough to walk half a block or read a couple of paragraphs and that was all. But the microbe had not touched his character. That boy is distinctly not among Dr. May's 70 per cent. He will be a useful citizen and already is. He was useful to the doctors, even if they were not much use to him, and some day science may repay that debt.

There are various parts of the brain and not all patients are affected in the same parts. The epidemic that is dying out in St. Louis is slightly different from previous ones. It is called "type B" and was first studied in a recent Japanese outbreak. The B type centers its attack on the grey matter of the cerebral cortex, the noblest part of the brain, where the thinking is done.

For that reason one might expect that the after-effects would be even more disastrous than earlier epidemics which attacked the lower brain centres. Fortunately and unexpectedly this appears not to be the case. Small though this highest part of the brain is, apparently the old axiom holds true that there is plenty of room at the top.

So far, the survivors of the St. Louis attacks seem to have a high exemption to the worst forms of after-effects. But Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming, of the Public Health Service, warns:

"Unfortunately they are not safe yet, as many symptoms may appear within the next six months or more."

The crippling symptoms are so much like those of infantile paralysis that many have wondered if there is not some connection between the two diseases. Medical science believes that there is a close relationship, somewhat as wolves, foxes and coyotes are related in the animal kingdom.

An unusual proportion of the victims of the present epidemic in the Middle West are attractive, intelligent young women of good homes—the well-nourished, clean-living type. The photograph of Miss Vivian Freeman, of Carsonville, Missouri, printed on this page, is a type of the fine young womanhood which the disease has seemed to select this time as its favorite prey.

The same is true of the related disease of infantile paralysis, which also strikes in the most unexpected places. One of the most pathetic of these cases was that of little Sallee Dalton, who cheerfully lived in an artificial breathing machine, popularly called "the iron lung," which took the place of the paralyzed muscles with which she would ordinarily have breathed. Sallee recovered after living in the machine for the incredible time of more than 600 hours, but nearly two years later caught a common cold and died.

The most extraordinary case of sleeping sickness, however, is that of Miss Patricia Maguire, of Oak Park, Illinois, who has been asleep for over a year and a half, despite every effort of science to awaken her. And many scientists familiar with the case wonder whether it would be better for her if she never did awaken.

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Mistook Suicides Hanging From Tree For Scarecrows

OLD MR. GEORGE GRIME, aged 80 years, a retired schoolmaster of Lancashire, England, was picking wildflowers for his grandchildren near the village of Gabus, when he looked up and saw two curious objects dangling from a tree.

"What a funny place," thought Mr. Grime, "to hang scarecrows." And he went on picking wildflowers.

Had the old gentleman not been so nearsighted and so intent on getting the bouquet for the children, he might have saved the lives of a young man and his sweetheart, suicides by hanging.

The "scarecrows" dangled in the breeze for twenty

If the Nearsighted old Mr. Grime Had Cut Down the "Scarecrows" He Thought He saw Dangling as He Picked Wildflowers, He Might Have Saved a Young Man and His Sweetheart from Suicide.

minutes longer, until P. S. Griffiths, another villager, passed by and saw that they were human bodies. He cut them down. Both bodies were lifeless, but the young man's watch was still ticking loudly in his pocket. Had they been cut down twenty minutes earlier, physicians said, they could have been revived.

The youth was Ashley Hancock, 25 years old, a clerk in the plant of an automobile company at Birmingham, and the girl was Beatrice Annie King, a pretty housemaid employed by a family at Severn Stoke, near Worcester. Why they had chosen to end their lives in this fashion was a mystery. They left no note of explanation, but the girl had scribbled her address on a piece of paper.

A bottle of disinfectant and a new clotheslines were found near the tree, but the bottle had not been opened. Evidently Hancock and Miss King had planned to drink the poison as well as to hang themselves, but they had not done so. Nor had they needed the extra clothesline. The one they used was sufficient.

Looping one rope around the branch until the ends were of equal length, Hancock had climbed into the tree with a noose at one end of the rope adjusted around his neck. His sweetheart, upon whom he had tied the other noose, had stood upon a roadside fence and had been jerked upward as he leaped from the tree.

Hancock's father, a traveling salesman, and Miss King's brother, a London clerk, were notified and went to Lancashire to identify the bodies. The elder Mr. Hancock said he could not conceive of any reason why his son and the girl had formed the suicide pact. The youth had had a brilliant school record before going into the motor plant, he had been advanced several times and his prospects for the future were very good. He had no financial or other worries that anybody knew of, and was physically and mentally sound. So was the girl. She was of slightly lower social status than was Hancock, but that was the only reason anybody could suggest as to why they feared their married life would not be happy.

Hancock was remembered in the vicinity of Birmingham as a young man who, at the age of sixteen, had won, in competition with many other students, a scholarship to Birmingham University. He had not taken advantage of the free college course he could have had, however, because his father, a traveling salesman for a yeast company, had been temporarily out of work then, and the boy thought it was time for him to earn some money and help his family. He had been offered a good job in the accounting department of the automobile concern, had decided to accept it, and had risen rapidly in the business. His father since that time had become more prosperous, and as far as the family finances were concerned, there was no reason why young Hancock should not have married the girl with whom he was in love.

"Miss King and my son had been close friends for the past two and a half years," the father of the young man told the coroner. "As far as we knew, they intended to get married some day, and we had an idea that they planned to do so without very much further delay. If there had been any quarrel or disagreement between them, we did not know of it, nor did we know of any reason why they should be unhappy in the slightest degree. This terrible tragedy is harder for us to bear for the very reason that it seems to have been so useless and without cause."

Young Hancock was well known as an athlete, particularly in amateur football. Four years ago he was chosen to represent Worcester City on a rugby team that went to America for exhibition games, but he was unable to make the trip. He was an able-bodied man, always in good spirits, and neither his physical nor his mental health could have had anything to do with his suicide.

A curious legal point raised by the coroner might have put young Hancock down officially on the records as a murderer, had not the coroner ruled that there was lack of evidence. Under English law, in the case of a double suicide like this one, the one who dies first is technically adjudged as having been murdered, while the second to die in the suicide pact goes down in police records as the murderer of the first. Also, if the second should happen to be revived, he could be prosecuted not only for attempting his own suicide, but as the murderer of the first.

However, the coroner was sorry for the young man's relatives and did not want Hancock's name to have the stigma of murder on it. So he held that there was not sufficient evidence to prove that the girl had died first, and no means of telling what was the state of their minds at the time, and therefore he returned a verdict of double suicide.

Old Mr. Grime, considerably distressed over the fact that he might have saved their lives and didn't, has bought himself a new pair of glasses.

Answered The Police Phone And Found His Own Wife Murdered

NIGHT PATROLMAN CHARLES REYNOLDS was on duty at the Seminole, Oklahoma, police station the other night when the telephone rang. It had been ringing all evening—Patrolman Reynolds had been called out to shoot a suspicious dog, there was the usual fight down south of the tracks in the "hard-boiled" section and a dozen people had called, wanting to know when the newly-legalized beer would go on sale. This was just another night police call.

Again the bell jingled. Patrolman Reynolds reached for the telephone without taking his eyes from the column of the newspaper he was reading.

"Yes, this is the police station," he said mechanically. "What's your trouble?"

"This is Bill Brame, out in the Oliver Addition. There's been a murder out here; send a man out quick."

"Murder? Who is it and what's the address?" asked the officer, as he fumbled for a stub of pencil he carried in his blouse pocket. He was alert now. For his own home was in the Oliver Addition.

"I don't know the number of the house, but a woman has been killed. Send a man out here. The whole neighborhood is in an uproar," came the nervous voice on the wire.

"I'll be out myself." The officer clicked the receiver back into place, put a substitute at his desk, and called to Patrolman Cliff Kiersey, who had sought escape from the heat on a bench in front of the station.

The police car covered the six blocks to the small one-street addition, where Brame had said the crime was committed, in record time.

They drove fast, and Reynolds thought fast. Through their minds was running a list of the things a policeman must and must not do in such a situation. On their actions and observations in the next few minutes or even seconds might depend whether the murderer would be convicted or even caught. As Patrolman Reynolds brought the car to a stop in the middle of the second block, he exclaimed:

"Why Cliff, that crowd is in my yard!"

Both officers leaped from the car and ran toward the modest house which Policeman Reynolds expected to have all paid off, free and clear, when the time should come to retire on his pension. There, after all their children had grown up and married, he and his faithful wife Haydee would spend their old age.

"Who is it?" asked Reynolds. The crowd parted but hesitated to answer. Finally a voice said:

"They are in the back yard, Charley."

A few strides and Officer Reynolds was on the scene. One look and he was no longer the trained policeman, cool in the face of anything, but just an ordinary human being, stunned and helpless in the face of an undreamed of tragedy.

There lay the body of his pretty young wife, the green blades of grass around it looking black rather than red in the light from the kitchen windows. Her clothing was almost entirely torn away. One side of her face had been caved in by a blow. One arm was broken and grotesquely doubled back under her shoulders. She had been stabbed three times and a jagged wound in her neck marked the spot where a bullet had ended her suffering.

"Who did it?" Reynolds managed to gasp and saw hands pointing. Five feet away lay the figure of a man with a wooden leg whom the dazed policeman recognized as Will D. "Peg" McDaniel, who ran a shoe-repair shop. A piece of the top of the man's skull had been blown off by a shot from a pistol, still clutched in his right hand. The cobbler was still breathing and his three good limbs thrashing.

Around the two lay evidences of a struggle—a smashed chair, the jagged half of a broken bottle that had been used to inflict the stabs and a piece of pine used as a club. Patrolman Kiersey gripped his brother officer's arm, hard.

"Steady, Charley," he whispered, "remember you are a cop."

Officer Reynolds did not care to remember until he looked up and saw his five children staring, wide-eyed at him, from the window. It was the first time they had seen their daddy in action. Yes, he must be a cop for their sake—first the ambulance.

"It's been 'phoned for," said Kiersey. Out came Reynolds' book and pencil as he asked how it had happened and who had seen it. Women who ordinarily delighted in gossip, turned away. They hadn't the heart to tell him. A grinding of brakes announced the arrival of the ambulance. Gently and quickly Patrolman Reynolds helped carry his wife's murderer out to be saved if possible.

As the ambulance went shrieking away, the policeman set himself to the task of finding out why. He got the information mostly from his oldest daughter, a pretty girl of eight, who told her father that she was awakened by the screams of her mother. She ran to the back window and saw the man beating Mrs. Reynolds with a chair and heard her mother begging him not to kill her. It was the little girl's screams that aroused the other children. They were too frightened to call the neighbors, she sobbed. Instead, the two youngest ran and hid and cried. She remembered hearing a shot, and then, after a long silence, a man's voice.

"I'll show you you can't ditch me," the voice said. Then there was another shot. The child said the neighbors ran in just after the second shot. They found the woman dying and the man critically wounded. Bill Brame, one of the first to the scene of the murder and suicide, ran back to his own home, three blocks away, and turned in the call to the station.

On Night Duty at the Station, Policeman Reynolds Received a Phone Report of Murder in His Own Neighborhood, and Rushed There to Find His Own Wife Had Been Killed by Her Lover, Who Had Then Shot Himself.

After the undertaker had taken away the remains of the woman for whose future Reynolds had so carefully planned and saved, he learned more. For many months, this mender of shoes had been carrying on a love affair with Haydee in the policeman's own home, while the husband was patrolling a distant beat and the children were asleep.

Why had he killed her in such a brutal manner, when one pistol shot would have served the purpose? The answer was to be found in that last phrase, overheard by the little Reynolds girl:

"I'll show you you can't ditch me!"

Pretty Haydee had tired of her cobbler lover, as she had tired of her husband; perhaps she had been untrue to both men in favor of still another. But what no man or woman can ever explain to the heartbroken husband is why Haydee preferred this not-very-attractive cripple for the fine, respected and admired man in uniform who was her very own.

An hour later, as the hospital surgeons strove to save his worthless life, the only man who might have answered that riddle died muttering Haydee's name. Yet perhaps even he only thought he knew.

When Patrolman Reynolds turned in his written report it was clear enough, but his captain could not read it at first on account of his own tears.

Patrons Watch Movies Without Leaving Autos

THE first automobile movie theatre in the world, known as the Drive-In-Theatre, opened the other day on the Admiral Wilson Boulevard, Camden, New Jersey, near the Central Airport. This novel cinema consists of seven rows of inclined planes, so arranged that the motorists sit in their cars during the show, arrive and leave without interrupting the vision of the other patrons who sit in their cars on rows either in front of or behind them.

The Drive-In-Theatre is the brain child of Richard M. Hollingshead, Jr., of Riverton, New Jersey, who has patented the novel construction involved. The site occupied by the theatre is six acres, or 250,000 square feet, and will accommodate 400 cars. The idea of the new movie is that you will be able to sit in your car, see and hear talking pictures, smoke, chat and partake of refreshments, without ever interfering with the pleasure of your neighbor. Someone has already suggested that the place will be an ideal site for the one-armed driver.

The theatre is equipped with two projection machines which require the largest lamps made and a sound equipment system, which is the largest and best made, used in only two other theatres in the country, one in New York and one in Philadelphia.

The motion picture screen is the largest outdoor one in the country, 30 by 40 feet, encased in a building 55 feet high, 125 feet long and 30 feet in thickness. This building is a wooden structure, built on a wind-bracing scheme, and covered with asbestos which looks like concrete. The ceiling of this building is used as a shadow-box for the screen. The first row for automobiles is 133 feet from the screen, which is excellent for seeing and hearing purposes. The booth for the projection machines is on this same line, much nearer than it is in most theatres, and much better for showing movies.

The rows of cinder paths where the automobiles with the movie patrons will be parked are progressively inclined in a general grade, while each row is vertically inclined so that the front of the car is higher than the back, thus giving the occupants of the rear seat perfect vision. The bottom of the movie screen is 12 feet from the ground and the top 52. Everywhere on the site one can see and hear equally well.

There are seven consecutive rows, each with two ushers, and three shows a night, beginning at 8:30. There is a 50-foot allowance for each row of cars so that the cars can back out and arrive and leave without interfering with anyone else.

This new idea in movie houses is being backed by a man who runs 50 parking stations in New York, Philadelphia and Newark. The cost of construction is about $25,000. And Hollingshead is confident of success because Camden has repealed its Blue Laws, while the city across the river still may not have movies on Sunday.

"The motorist 500 feet away from the screen can not only see the picture but hear the sound at the same precise volume as those in the first row," Hollingshead explained. "Inveterate smokers rarely enjoy a movie theatre because of the smoking prohibition. In the Drive-In-Theatre one may smoke without offending others. People may chat or even partake of refreshments brought to their cars without disturbing those who prefer silence.

"The idea virtually transforms an ordinary motor car into a private theatre box. The younger children are not permitted in movie theatres and are frequently discouraged even when accompanied by parents. Here the whole family is welcome. The aged and infirm will find the theatre a boon because they will not be subjected to inconvenience such as getting up to let others pass."

Woman Held As Cattle "Rustler"

OLD-TIME cattlemen of Colorado chuckled recently when it became known that, for the first time in the history of the range, a woman had been arrested charged with being a cattle rustler. In pioneer days the rustler, whose punishment was always hanging, was the two-gun desperado who fired from the hip and scorned the aid of the women folk. But if officers of the Durango, Colorado, neighborhood can prove their accusations, Mrs. Green Newton may be convicted as the "brains" of a cattle stealing syndicate which raided other people's livestock much more efficiently than the bad men did in former days.

Four men arrested with Mrs. Newton have already

Mrs. Newton, According to the Charges Made Against Her, Was the Leader of a Gang of Cattle "Rustlers" Who Worked by Night, Shooting Cattle With Silencer-Equipped Rifles and Carrying Them Off on Motor Trucks to the Nearest Market.

pleaded guilty and have been given prison sentences. One of them was her son, Orlando Newton, who, being too young to send to prison, was sentenced to the State reformatory, where the length of his term will depend upon his behavior. The other three men, Roy Jones, John Smith and H. D. Hanson, got terms of one to three years and a half in the State penitentiary.

Mrs. Newton, a ranchwoman of the La Plata Valley, just across the Colorado line in New Mexico, is a big, strong woman of the outdoors, with a jaw like General Pershing's. The New Mexico Sheriff and the Colorado Sheriff who cooperated in arresting her say that she was by no means the "hired help" of the gang, but its leader, and that she ruled the rustling operations with an iron hand. Unlike the four men who were arrested with her, Mrs. Newton entered a plea of not guilty, and proposes to fight the case when it comes to trial.

The two sheriffs for some time had been investigating reports of the stealing and butchering of cattle in the La Plata Valley and the Long Hollow district of Colorado. Modern cattle larceny is not like the rustling of the old frontier days. The rustler still rides the range—but he does it on rubber tires. He no longer rounds up his stolen herd from the open range and drives it overland hundreds of miles to market. Today he rides in a motor truck which goes fifty miles an hour over paved roads. The back of the truck may let down so that it becomes a ramp or runway up which the stolen cattle may be driven. Or the truck may be equipped as a traveling slaughter house, so that the stolen steers may be butchered on the spot, skinned and dressed, and in that case there is no danger of their brands being recognized and the thieves caught with the goods. The butchered steers are usually disposed of at small mining settlements or oil camps where the beef is sold cheap and no questions are asked.

It was this sort of rustling, "stealing and butchering," that Mrs. Newton and the four men were accused of conducting. Due to the trouble people have had making a living, cattle rustling has greatly increased during the depression, and the recent rise in the selling price of steers has made it still more profitable and widespread.

Strict laws have been passed to put a stop to the new style "rubber-tired" rustling. Some States have laws prohibiting any butchering without a license, in order to check the source of all shipments of dressed steers. In other States it is against the law to transfer live cattle from one county to another without a brand inspection at each county line.

Rustlers who steal live cattle sometimes pick out only unbranded cattle, which they mark with a brand of their own. Others rebrand the cattle, changing "P" to "FK," a "V" to a triangle, and so on. On a ranch in Western Utah run by a man named Thomas Larson, sixty cattlemen from Colorado and Utah assembled for a round-up recently and recognized more than seventy head of their cattle which they said had been stolen and rebranded. Larson was killed in an automobile accident before he could be prosecuted.

Cattle rustling is being conducted by a syndicate operating in at least three Western States, officers charge, and modern bootleg and racketeer methods have been used in directing various gangs in different localities. Chief among the new facilities is the speedy truck. It may be driven through herds of cattle at night, the headlights blinding them so they may be shot down with ease. The rustler uses a high-powered, small calibre rifle with a silencer attached, so the sound may not be heard at a distant ranch house. The truck may be equipped with a derrick by which the carcass can be hoisted and hung on a hook after the dressing operation.

Since many honest ranchers use this method of marketing their own beeves, it is often very hard to check and convict rustlers. However, during the past year the Wyoming Cattle Growers' Association recovered over $12,000 worth of stolen cattle, live and dressed, from the two markets of Ogden and North Salt Lake alone.

The crime of cattle rustling is a part of the bloody history of Wyoming. In 1892 Johnson County was "invaded" by an army of forty-five gunmen, hired by the cattle kings, many of them from the East, "to clean out the rustlers." It was charged that "everybody in the county" was engaged in cattle rustling, so the gunmen proceeded to clean out the county. Their first stop was the K. C. Ranch near Cheyenne. They laid siege to the ranch and after an all-day battle killed its two proprietors. Later they attacked the town of Buffalo itself, and were only driven off by United States troops called out from Fort McKinley.

The invaders were arrested but never brought to trial. Cattle wars continued for many years. Accused rustlers and cattlemen met face to face and shot it out with six guns. Feeling against the cattle thieves in Wyoming, Colorado and elsewhere, was no more intense then than it is today, for many ranchers still feel that rustling should be punished by death, rather than a short prison term for theft.

But a woman accused as "Queen of the Cattle Rustlers" is something new in the traditions of the straight-shooting West, and ranchmen everywhere are wondering how Mrs. Green Newton's trial is going to come out.

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Buxom Busts, Corsets, Swelling Hips Coming Back?

And for Those Who Have Not a Generous Natural Upholstery, the Shops Will Provide Pads to Fill Out the Fashionable Curves So a Woman's Best Friend Won't Suspect

Bathing-Suit Photograph of Irene Castle Taken at the Height of Her Fame Many Years Ago and Revealing Nature's Parsimony in Developing Her Figure.

In the Days of the Floradora Girls the Stage Stars and "Ladies of the Chorus" Were Admired in Proportion to the Generous Upholstery of Nature of Bust and Hips Which They Were Able to Show the Audience They Possessed.

Mae West, Who Is Credited with Setting the New Fashion of Emphasizing Instead of Suppressing Feminine Curves.

"OUR minds are turning determinedly to the Mae Westian bosom. We are going to have to wear corsets. We must have bosoms. If we don't have them naturally, we shall have to pin them in (smart department stores make them to order; neat, pink, jersey silk bosoms filled with cotton wool.) Moreover, the bosoms cannot be just bosoms. Our ideal is rapidly approaching that of the maidens of Bali, who pray to their native gods for 'breasts that point to the moon.'"

In these words Harper's Bazaar, the foremost authority in feminine fashions, made the announcement recently that the buxom bosom and the corset are coming back. The flat-chested, under-nourished, undeveloped fad is passing. And with the billowing bust will there come at least a partial return of the tightly-laced waist and swelling hips of the Lillian Russell, Anna Held, Gibson Girl days in the "gay nineties"?

The head of the fashion department of one of the big New York shops said:

"Yes, bosom pads are available to customers and come in several sizes. They come in pairs, of course, and are held firmly in place by a strap that encircles the body. These artificial aids to a fuller figure are shaped naturally, are filled with soft wool or a good grade of cotton, and are covered with silk. They are worn next to the body, underneath the brassiere, so that even a woman's best friends would not suspect that she was filling out the deficiencies of Nature."

Mme. Binner, New York corset maker, who made corsets for Lillian Russell, the famous Anna Held corsets and Mae West's corsets, said:

"We are not going back to the 'hourglass' feminine figure of the nineties, but it is true that the fuller feminine figure is replacing the straight figure of post-war days. Because of athletics and more healthful clothes, the American woman's figure has undergone a great change. It will not be necessary to put them in corsets to conceal obesity, but merely to hold what they have by gentle, comfortable support. The fashion of tight bands to press bosoms flat and hips narrow was unnatural and had already begun to give way to more womanly styles when Mae West gave the trend more impetus. The new corsets will accentuate somewhat the natural waistline and the curves of hips and bust, but they will not bring back the overplump and distorted figure of the horse-car era."

Most women's fashions originate in Paris. It is the notorious women of the night life of the gay French capital who usually set the styles which are followed by women of wealth and respectability all over the world.

The new vogue of generous feminine upholstery has also come from Paris, but this time it was set by an American woman, Mae West. Instead of the disreputable women of the Paris boulevards the inspiration of the fashion designers this time is a notorious woman of the stage, who has written and acted in plays so shameless that the police have closed them and Mae West and some of her troupers have been sent to jail for their daring.

It may never be known who it was who started the flat-chested, hipless, emaciated arms and legs fashion. Mrs. Vernon Castle is thought to have helped the fad because the popularity of her dancing, many years ago, carried along with it the novelty of her undeveloped figure. Nature had been stingy to Irene Castle in the curves which are natural to a well-developed woman.

A Photograph of the Late Anna Held, Who Wore a Carefully Constructed Corset Designed to Emphasize Her Remarkable Figure Which Was Popular in the Nineties.

But whoever it was who inspired the thin but fashionable figure which has prevailed for many years, the stage and movie stars starved and dieted and kept the fashion alive. And along with the hipless, flat-chested figure another change took place—skirts became shorter and women began to have their hair cut in masculine fashion, until it was sometimes hard to tell what was the sex of the individual.

Of course, the buxom bosom and swelling hips do not go well with a skirt of knee length. Mae West realized this, and she embellished her curves and natural plumpness with long skirts.

That the "eternal feminine" after less than a generation of striding around in short skirts, golf trousers and other mannish attire should have lost the art of wearing truly feminine garments gracefully was something nobody seems to have dreamed of except Mae herself. But some of the movie stars moving about in their pictures in long skirts suggest that this is true.

It is easy to see why. Miss West has been on the stage ever since she was five years old and always her ideal was a combination of Lillian Russell and the Venus de Milo. The ever-famous Lillian not only possessed a beautiful face and form but she had made a study of how to carry herself so that it was said:

"And with her goes the soft liquefaction of her clothes."

Every well-dressed woman of that era was something of an adept at that art. Everyone who saw the Floradora Sextet will never forget how those girls gathered up their skirts so that it always "just happened" to accentuate their feminine lines. Poets have raved over what a Spanish Senorita can do with a fan.

"Apple sauce!" says Mae, "why bother with a fan when you have a skirt, the most intriguing drop-curtain in the world, to flaunt?" She never forgot and never ceased practicing.

Women are supposed to dress and get themselves up primarily to please men, and it was mostly men who from time to time set up protest against the flat-chested style. Ministers exhorted women to go back to the long, modest skirts of the nineties, doctors warned against malnutrition. The collapse of several of his attenuated Follies beauties caused the late Mr. Ziegfeld to announce that he was about to bring back the somewhat buxom girl. He was the man to have done it, but he died with the job undone.

It was notoriety rather than celebrity that called attention to Mae. But on the stage, if one can't have one kind of reputation, most any sort is better than none at all. In 1927 she wrote a play called "Sex," and acted in it in New York. This show was raided by the police and Mae spent ten days on Welfare Island for giving an indecent performance. She next wrote and acted in "The Wicked Age," which was not wicked enough to make a hit and quietly folded up. Then she wrote and produced "Pleasure Man." This was raided by the police and Mae and 56 others locked up. Two years later the courts got around to trying her. After a long and amusing trial the jury disagreed and everybody was turned free on the understanding that they would not appear in the play again. Previous to "Pleasure Man," Mae wrote and threatened to play in another piece called "The Drag." This was pre-viewed by the police and barred from opening.

Perhaps It Was Fortunate for Lillian Russell That Her Stage Career Did Not Happen to Come Along at a Period When the Flat-Chested, Boyish Figure Was in Vogue.

Mae's next attempt was "The Constant Sinner." This depicted the life of a fallen woman, the first of several such characters which have made her famous. "The Constant Sinner" ran twelve weeks in New York without police interference and then went on a more or less successful road tour. Several big cities objected to it and in Washington it was closed after two nights.

Her biggest stage success, "Diamond Lil," followed. Diamond Lil was the sweetheart of a tough saloonkeeper-politician in the heyday of the Bowery. This play she rewrote into book form, which had a wide sale.

If the styles of dress and figure she urged were old-fashioned, her theory in support of them was sufficiently modern and hard-boiled. Miss West has been described as a realist, with a single eye to the main chance. To her "the racket of being a woman" is essentially the same game, whether she plays it straight across the board or both ends against the middle, as the gamblers say; whether the scene is Park Ave., the Bowery or a mining camp; whether the woman is a millionaire's legal wife for keeps, a gunman's moll or a sailor's casual acquaintance.

"Where are the oglers?" she asked and nobody could answer. "There used to be a crowd of horrid men around the Flatiron Building on blowy days. They used to watch girls step onto street cars. Even the windows of the Union League Club used to fill with important faces to see us cross the avenue when it rained and we had to lift our skirts. Now nobody walks behind girls and whispers comments on their shapes. Nobody stares, nobody cares. There aren't any more 'horrid men.' You'll see men staring at other men who are operating steam shovels, hoisting pianos or even painting a house, instead of watching women. It isn't natural, woman isn't an eyeful any more."

Then came Mae's opportunity to preach where she would have the right sort of an audience. Hollywood thought she might get over as a sort of curiosity and was willing to take a chance if she didn't ask too much. She let them have their way about most everything in the contract except one thing, the stories must be acceptable to her, but it then turned out that the only acceptable ones were her own plays. Therefore it came to pass that she starred in "Diamond Lil" under the title, "She Done Him Wrong."

The thing was a trashy melodrama, but one of the big hits of the season entirely because of Mae West and the clothes she wore as Diamond Lil.

Meanwhile, Mae's film crossed the water to Paris under a new title, "The Lady Lou," and Miss West began to make history. Presently wealthy customers came running to the big dressmakers with strange requests. They wanted gowns like some they had seen in a picture. The easiest way to find out what the women were talking about was to see the picture and they did.

Of course these style creators of Paris had albums full of sketches and photographs of styles of the nineties and once in a while somebody had tried a revival of one of them. Always they looked dismally wrong on the mannequin and even worse on a customer. From this there grew a strong prejudice that the world had passed beyond these things. They would never do again.

Now, however, as they watched Mae on the screen, that prejudice vanished. There was the proof that somehow these figures and costumes could be as alluring as ever. The great dressmakers ran back to their offices and the edict went forth that woman was to be herself again—if she could only remember how. To give her time to learn, the first styles were not to be too much of a change.

A Snapshot Photograph of Mae West Taken the Day She Was Arrested for Producing an Improper Play, but in This Case She Was Not Especially Dressed to Emphasize Her Curves.

There was no revolt nor much moaning. Women had starved during prosperity to have a stylish streamline and some had done it during the depression, figure or no figure, until they were sick of it.

There were those who asserted that since Mae West never appeared in tights or with naked legs, there must be something wrong with them. To this she answered:

"I have legs and anyone who can't understand why I don't display all of them betrays her ignorance of the psychology of the skirt. Voltaire, speaking of writing, said that the way to be stupid is to tell it all. And I say that the way to be stupid with clothes is to show it all."

But maybe Mae was a little peeved at the aspersion, for in a later picture she strutted about in tights.

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Nightmare Paintings of Man's Battle Against Nature

WAR

Artist Biegas Conceives War as a Harpy-Like Figure, One of Nature's Evil Forces, Which Swoops Down Upon Mankind on the Top of His Mountain Peak of Faith in Nature, and, Taking Him Unawares, Overthrows Him. Next, He Shows Man Shaken Out of His Complacency and in the Strength of His Disillusioned Wrath, Apparently—

—But Only Apparently, Successfully Resisting the Evil Power. And in the Third Picture He Lies Supine on the Peak of Idealism Which He Has So Laboriously Erected While the Monster, Triumphant, Drains His Life With Its Kiss.

PARIS, Oct. 27.

A ONE-MAN exhibition of paintings recently attracted much more attention in artistic and literary circles here than many a Salon opening. They are by a young Polish artist named Boleslav Biegas, and their nightmarish quality and undiluted pessimism form an irresistible attraction to the morbidly inclined—of whom the numbers steadily grow in Paris.

The series, of which there are thirty or more, echo the lines of Percy Bysshe Shelley:

"Black despair,
The shadow of the starless night
Was thrown over the world."

There are some who believe that Nature is a beneficent force, showering man with sunlight, surrounding him with flowers and offering up the fruits of the earth to him in exchange for a little labor. Not so Biegas. He sees Nature as a maleficent force against which man must struggle all his life, and always unsuccessfully. About the only thing that Nature has taught humanity is how to war upon itself. He personifies the four ancient elements of Nature—Earth, Air, Water, Fire—as fantastically evil creatures.

Earth he visualizes as a cumbersome, stolid, winged dromedary (something like the American prohibition camel), which marches on, trampling mankind back into the soil from which he sprang.

Air, which man's genius is now challenging with airplanes and dirigibles, is far from being conquered. It is a double-headed monster which grapples with the soaring spirit of humanity, and in the end must destroy it.

Water? The seas rise up in their wrath and destroy man's ships, both surface and under-water. "How many navies have sailed, but for each ship upon the sea how many thousands are on its bottom?" says he. And he typifies the spirit of the waters as a malevolent being, with a woman's face, scaled wings, the body of a saurian and the claws of a marine monster. She has man in a strangle-hold, and he can't get away.

With Fire, the fourth element, man runs his forges, his factories, his trains and automobiles, but it is really a many tentacled creature in whose fiery coils he is enmeshed, and although he thinks he controls it, the spirit of fire, malignant and gloating, controls him. Its hands end in fingers of yellow incandescence ever over his head like the sword of Damocles.

Thus the Polish artist visualizes the four elements into which the ancients divided Nature.

His "War" is a sequence of three powerful paintings. Man, he proclaims, is constantly at war with Nature, and therefore Nature has taught him, perforce, the art of war—not through any generous motive, however. Her gift has been just as malignant as anything else about her, since because of it man wars upon himself. Biegas depicts War as a harpy—a monstrous bird with a woman's face. He shows man upon the peak of a mountain, a peak which he himself has raised of his ideals and misconceptions. Suddenly out of the void swoops War, taking him in her claws and hurling him down upon his back.

Then there comes a second stage. Man, shaken out of his complacency and through the power of his disillusioned wrath, seems to be waging a winning fight against the monster. But this is illusion. At the last he is overcome, and in the third picture Biegas symbolizes the extinction of humanity through its war against itself, with the monstrous creature sucking his life's breath from him, in what he calls "the mortal kiss."

Henry Fielding wrote, back in the eighteenth century: "All Nature wears one universal grin."

To Biegas this grin is a diabolical one.

AIR Second of the Four Ancient Elements, as Personified by Artist Biegas. Symbolizing Man's Effort to Conquer It, and Being Caught in the Coils of a Double-Headed Monster Which He Conceives to Be Nature's Inimical Spirit of the Atmosphere.

"Biegas' paintings are an expression of the cruelty and terror that pervade all Nature," says one critic. "The larger animals devour the smaller, the stronger men oppress and kill the weaker, and so life is an endless chain of bloodshed, torture, cannibalism and cruelty. The artist brings this great truth home to us with terrifying symbolism."

There is, of course, a more cheerful point of view. Man suffers and dies, but he is always striving for better conditions. The one who dies in the struggle with Nature prepares the way for a happier and more comfortable world for his sons. Will man continue to improve his conditions, or will he succumb in the nightmare struggle with Nature?

The experiences of the artist have been such as to make him take the pessimistic view of life. He was born in 1885, in Cechanow, about two hours' journey from Warsaw. His mother was a woman of exceptional beauty, his father a Polish gypsy who played the violin brilliantly.

Boleslav lost his father when he was twelve, and his mother two years later. He was forced from that age to face the world without a penny. He was born with artistic talent and ambition. At eight he drew weird pictures with a piece of charcoal on the white wall of their little hut. He could at least thank his parents that they did not spank him for this display of youthful talent, but praised him.

At the same early age he showed ability as a sculptor, making statuettes of earth, because he was not able to obtain clay.

When he was left an orphan at fourteen he persevered in his art. For several years he had no real training. Some friends arranged an exhibition of his work at a small book-store in Cracow, and this proved a success. As a result he was allowed to attend the Art Academy of Cracow free of charge and soon received a first prize and a silver medal.

But he developed very fast and after a short time was expelled from the Academy on account of his revolutionary ideas in art, which today would be considered quite conservative by the extreme modernists. The teachers declared that he disturbed the ideas of the other pupils and interfered with their work. Evidently he was about thirty years ahead of his time.

Biegas lived for a time on the proceeds of his first exhibition and sent seven sculptures to the Secession Art Exhibition, in Vienna, then a much more advanced city artistically than Cracow. Six of them were accepted with enthusiasm, and he was made a member of that celebrated art institution. After that he obtained a similar success in Munich, another progressive art centre.

Next he sent some of his works to St. Petersburg, but that was in the days of the Czars, and his exhibition was only open two days, because the religious authorities objected to the way he represented the Saviour.

During all these years he suffered from great poverty and experienced the sufferings that Nature inflicts on the poverty-stricken, struggling man. His diet for long periods was bread and water. It was only in 1912 that he was able to realize his great ambition—to move to Paris. There were brief moments of prosperity, but they were quickly followed by hunger and hardship. Even today, when he is an artist of recognized position, he lives in straitened circumstances as a result of the world depression.

He has had exhibitions at several of the great galleries of Paris, but now, as a result of the great overproduction of pictures and lessened demand, he is suffering like other artists in Paris and all over the world. So the nightmare conception of the struggle for life continues to dominate him.

EARTH First of the Ancient Elements, Which the Artist Pictures as a Winged Dromedary With a Human Head—Slow, Plodding and Relentlessly Trampling Down Mankind Striving to Conquer the Earth.

WATER Third of the Elements, Shown as a Winged Saurian With a Woman's Face and Reptilian Claws, Resisting Man in His Efforts to Gain Dominance Over the Seas and Rivers.

FIRE Fourth of the Ancient Elements of Nature, Showing Man Battling With Its Personification, Whose Fingers Are Flames and Whose Fiery Coils Hold Him Fast.

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Tough Times With the First "Lady Baseball Nine"

Mr. Bruckner, Who Organized It, Describes Their Fights, Their Courtships and Peculiar Troubles He Had ---and Explains Why He Would Rather Tame Lions and Tigers Than Try It Again

THE "AMERICAN STARS"—THE FIRST "LADY BASEBALL NINE."
Top Row (Left to Right)—Mamie Conway, 1b; Minnie Size, 2b; Joseph Bruckner, Manager; Anna Greene, 3b; Rose Fuller, lf. Second Row (Left to Right)—Lillie Bradley, cf; Stella Cohen, c; Mary Bauman, p. Bottom Row (Left to Right)—Georgie Coleman, ss; Marcelle Devere, rf.

Catcher Peggy O'Neill, Who Plays With the Minor League and College Baseball Stars and Has Made as Much as $8,750 for Seventy-five Games.

Josie Caruso, a Modern Woman Ball Player, One of Whose Contracts Called for $3,750 for Fifty Games—Much Different From the Old $1 to $4 a Game of the First Nine. She's Off the Ground for a High One.

Australia's Champion Woman Pitcher, Miss Rita Humphries, Who May Be Seen Next Year in the United States.

Miss Jackie Mitchell, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Is Said to Be the First Girl to Sign a Contract in Professional Baseball. She Has Struck Out Both Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig.

MR. JOSEPH BRUCKNER organized and managed "The American Stars," the first "ladies'" professional baseball team, for seven profitable years. Then he gave it up to keep from going crazy as one of his imitators had done, and here he tells why he would rather tame the wildest lions and tigers than go through the experience again.

By JOSEPH BRUCKNER.

IN 1886 I got a bright idea. A baseball game at Port Jervis, N. Y., drew a record-breaking crowd because a local girl was advertised to pitch. It struck me that a whole team of ladies would be a good proposition. Financially it was sound, but I would not do it again for a million dollars.

The start was deceptively easy. In those days women were the "clinging vine" type who did not go to baseball games, and lady athletes were almost unknown. Yet my first advertisements in the New York papers brought 150 surprisingly promising candidates and in a few weeks I had a team. Besides all their expenses, I paid the girls from one to four dollars a game according to their ability. In addition they were allowed to sell score cards and their pictures before the games. Also a dollar then was worth at least two today. My "American Stars," as I called them, were uniformed to look as feminine as possible in short blue and white striped skirts over their bloomers.

The girls worked hard and were really wonderfully good, but though a match for many an amateur nine, had little chance with even semi-professionals. In such cases we had an understanding with the opposing males not to play too hard against them. Often, just to tease the girls, the men would not quite live up to their bargain, but we had a few little tricks too. As substitutes we had a couple of male professionals which we used in emergencies, to say nothing of a long-haired boy of whom we didn't say anything until an accident exposed him.

Our pitcher, Mary Bauman, had some speed, excellent control and an "in-shoot" which she carefully saved for the last inning. The men weren't mean enough to hit home runs in the early stages of a game, but contented themselves with bunts and easy grounders, just enough to get them to first which was decorated by Mamie Conway, who was a "peach." Mamie greeted the enemy with an inflaming smile and some such unprofessional remark as:

"Hello, Handsome, what have you got on for tonight?"

While the masculine player was mechanically taking a lead toward second, she would confess a deep admiration for his playing and then suddenly remember that his manager had told her that he drank, chewed tobacco and beat his wife. A baseball player is brought up on masculine "kidding," but this was a new line for which he had developed no resistance. He would glare angrily at the bench instead of watching the pitcher until Mary threw the ball to Mamie and put him out. He knew he had been tricked, but said nothing and watched his team-mates fall into the same trap.

The second time they reached first they were wise to this racket, but Mamie then had a different one. She warned them that Minnie Size, the dizzy blonde who presided at second, was crazy about them but not to have anything to do with her because "besides all the homes she had broken up it was a positive fact that she had put poison in a baseball player's beer."

"Gosh!" the player would say, looking down at "Murderous Minnie" and "zunk!" would go the ball into Mamie's glove for another out. Those that reached Minnie ran into an equally disconcerting line of talk, and at third a still different but effective chatter from Anna Greene. Georgia Colman, stortstop, would ask the base runner sweetly about his false teeth, glass eye or frog's legs.

At Knoxville, Tenn., we had an agreement that the home team was to let us enter the ninth inning one run ahead, after which the game was to be played strictly on the level. Word of this arrangement got out, with the unexpected result that the natives bet against their home team—Heaven only knows why. The agreement was faithfully observed and we came up to bat at the opening of the ninth, just one run ahead. Our girls were struck out, one-two-three. But the girls put out two of the men batters.

The third batter, with blood in his eye, was not to be fooled. He knocked a long, high fly that might well have been a home run. But Lillie Bradley, centre fielder, had retreated almost out of the park so she had only to run forward a few steps to get under it. And then the sun blinded her. In this dreadful moment Lillie reverted to feminine first principles, held up her skirt and caught the ball in that!

The umpire, like everyone else, was speechless for a moment. Before he had time to make a decision he heard what sounded like the old rebel yell and saw the customers in the bleachers coming for him. Life is sweet, even to umpires, so he called it a fair catch.

For a while we had the field to ourselves, then plenty of competition started. A man by the name of Franklin Wilson promoted a "Ladies' Baseball Club." The rough experiences he had sent him to an insane asylum in two years. Captain Anson, of Chicago, also formed a female team, but after nine weeks on the road had to give up the venture in disgust. Neither Wilson nor Anson knew what they would have to contend with.

For instance: Admirers of the girls would resort to every conceivable trick to prevent the team from leaving town right after the game. In some towns our baggage was attached under the flimsiest of pretexts. In Charlevoi, Mich., from where we had to go by water to Manistee, some enterprising boys even went so far as to scuttle the boat, a small vessel on which we were to make the trip.

Jake Kilrain, the old-time fighter, insisted on umpiring one of our games in Baltimore. In appreciation of our accepting him he had the initials of our team, A. S., engraved on a ten-dollar goldpiece and that gold piece was to be given to the best runner on the team. Emily Forester won it. Going back to the hotel an argument started among the girls, some of whom claimed that the gold piece was to go to the best looker, while others claimed that the best batter was to get it. A general fight ensued which became so rough that all of us were put out of the hotel. We had to sleep that night in Kilrain's saloon on chairs.

Rarely did we pass through a town without some sort of disturbance of the peace.

While we were in Ohio I saw a tall, pretty Salvation Army lass approaching and reached in my pocket, but this one wanted a job on the team. She looked athletic and was so persistent that I gave her a tryout which revealed that though she knew nothing of the game, she was a natural batter, with an eye like a hawk. I took her and she went out and broadcast that fact.

At the station next morning there was a crowd and a band, but the faces were hostile, and instead of cheers there were indignant prayers. The Salvation Army was there in force, its leader telling the crowd:

"A bad man from New York came along to take one of our soldiers with him. Sister Anna is forsaking the righteous path and taking the wrong road. But in spite of all, let us give her our blessing and pray that some day she may return to the fold of Jesus and be with us again."

Just for that I featured our "Angel from the Salvation Army" in my next hand bills. In that game came one of those big moments of baseball, last inning, score tied, a man (I mean woman) on second and third and two out. Our next girl up was the weakest hitter we had. I asked Anna if she would be afraid to pinch-hit. The girl rolled her angelic eyes heavenward, prayed for strength and walked to the plate where the crowd recognized her with a mighty cheer.

There she prayed again. The answer was a high wide one that she should have let alone, but Anna ran out and clouted what should have been a pretty three-base hit. The only thing wrong was that "she took the wrong road" as the captain had said, running to third instead of first and almost knocking down my other two girls as they raced home. Nevertheless, her behavior rattled our opponents so that she got to first, running the wrong way, before the ball did. The gallant umpire called it a one-base hit, allowed the runs and we won the game. The town sat up all night and argued.

Alas, Satan entered into our "angel." At the next town I found her in a rough-and-tumble fight with the hotel clerk who had refused to send stimulants up to her room. After I had pacified the two, the girl promised to be good. But it seems that she always managed to get her liquor somehow. In the following town she shoved one of our girls through a plate-glass mirror, and two days later she brought things to a climax by doing an oriental dance in front of the hotel. I shipped the "angel" back to where she came from, and the prayer of the Salvation Army captain that some day she might return was fulfilled quicker than she probably had anticipated.

All the time I had a tough task keeping the team together, as every man in small towns, from the street cleaner to the mayor, wanted to marry one of them.

For two years the love letters sent to our long-haired boy were the warmest of all, probably because he was the shyest. He had to be, because his voice had gotten deep and sometimes he needed a shave. One day he met with an accident that knocked him out, and the nurses who took charge made an indignant announcement that "spilled the beans." We had to let him go.

After handling women for nearly seven years I ought to have known better than invite the Fall River team to dine with my girls. After the game I heard a terrific din in the dressing rooms and found some twenty-four women industriously trying to murder each other. The male team's wives and sweethearts had gotten in on the pretext of delivering flowers and then flown at my team, tooth and nail.

While they were carting four of the sweethearts and three of my players to the hospital, the survivors explained the cause of the war to the police. The male players had praised the beauty and intelligence of the lady players so highly that the sweethearts were convinced that only murder or mayhem would prevent them losing their men.

In February, 1893, I signed a contract for a tour through Cuba. The first g[illegible] we were to play was in a place [illegible] Almandares, in the outskirts of Havana, on Sunday, March 4th. This game was never played. Next to the ball grounds they had a bullfight which had a very scant attendance, while we had 49,000 tickets sold half an hour before the game was to start. The bullfighters got sore and induced part of the audience to rush over with them to the ball grounds, intent on mischief and robbery. They tore down the fence and made for the ticket office, killing all the ticket sellers but two and grabbing all the money in sight.

Then the mob started for us, tore down the American flag which we had hoisted, trampled on it and the cry went up: "Kill the Americans!" The manager of the Cuban team distributed revolvers among his players; he also gave me and two of my girls one each, as that was all he had. The Cuban ball players fought like tigers to protect the American girls. Every time the mob started a rush, a volley was fired at them. One of the attackers got close enough to one of the girls to grab her. She let out a scream and I just arrived in time to grab the knife-wielder's arm, which had a four-inch knife. I got stabbed and carry the mark of it to this day. The third baseman of the Cuban team shot the man dead.

I was rendered unconscious in the melee and when I regained consciousness I found a dead Cuban lying on top of me. What saved our lives was the timely arrival of a small detachment of police and firemen, who quelled the riot. The following day, March 5, the Cuban papers reported casualties of twenty-seven killed and scores of wounded in hospitals, many of them in a critical condition. The New York papers also carried detailed accounts of the fracas.

That was a little too much. I realized that if I wanted to live and not go crazy I had better go into some safer and more conservative occupation, such as lion-taming. So, with deep regret, I disbanded that team of fine, brave, smart, though somewhat lively girls.

I wonder if the big baseball managers, recuperating from the strain of the world's series, really think they know what trouble is.

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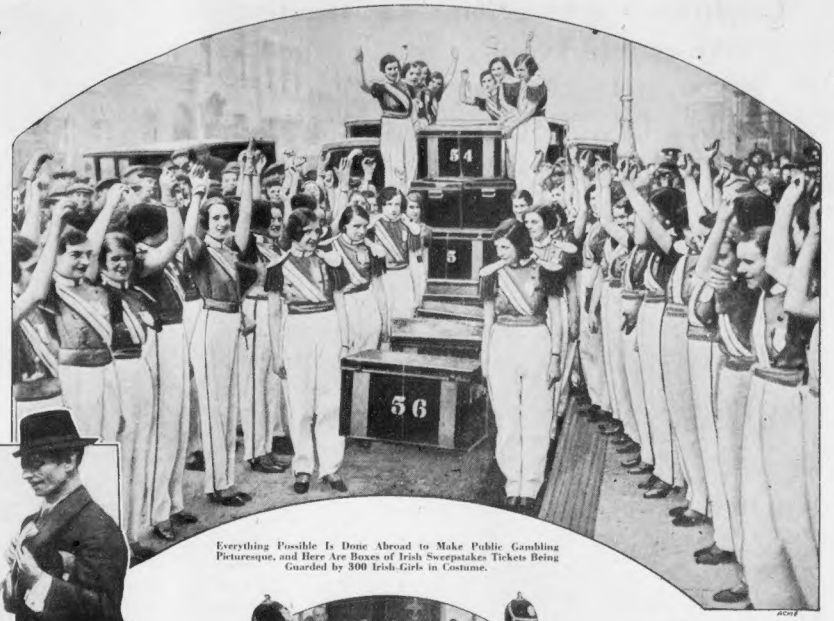
Lotteries Made Respectable by Needy Governments

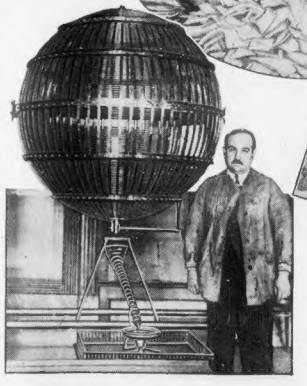
Huge Success of Get-Rich-Quick Schemes, Hospital Sweepstakes and Other Devices of "Lady Luck" Leads Thirty Nations to Try Collecting "Painless Taxes" by State Gambles

Emilio Scala, A British Delicatessen Dealer Who Won the Greatest Sweepstakes Prize Ever Recorded, $1,759,000, But Ran Into a Tangle of Law Suits and Has Got Very Little of the Money.



Everything Possible Is Done Abroad to Make Public Gambling Picturesque, and Here Are Boxes of Irish Sweepstakes Tickets Being Guarded by 300 Irish Girls in Costume.

A Cuban Senorita Buying a Lottery Ticket From One of the Licensed Vendors in Havana.



The World's Biggest Lottery Was Carried On Until Recently By Spain, and This Shows the Huge Ball From Which the Prize-Winning Numbers Are Drawn; One of Spain's Christmas Lotteries Collected $18,000,000 and the First Prize Was $2,500,000.

Photograph of the New French National Lottery Ticket by Which the Government Hopes to Replenish Its Dwindling Treasury by Making Legal and Respectable Its Citizens' Weakness for Gambling.
—And, Upper—
Girls At Dublin Mixing 3,576,000 "Counterfoils" Representing the Hopes of Two or Three Times That Number of Gamblers, Young and Old.

BY official government sanction lotteries are no longer considered wicked gambling devices to be suppressed by the police, but worthy national enterprises in which all patriotic citizens are exhorted to take a chance. One after another, nearly all the principal countries of the world, more than thirty of them, have approved this supposed evil and most of them are running it themselves.

France, Germany, Austria and Canada are among those that joined the procession this year and England is preparing to follow. The only prominent exception is the United States, and last Summer, at Albany, the legislature discussed plans for amending New York State's constitution to let it get in on this painless revenue-raising method. A few days ago it was announced that the State officials of Maryland were studying plans to operate horse race sweepstakes to replace the delinquent taxes. Cuba, South and Central America have long been running lotteries.

But governments are supposed to countenance only things that are right and to suppress things that are evil. How can they defend themselves for urging citizens and subjects to indulge in what most everyone has been told was a vice, an evil?

In Austria, the government, besides urging everybody to step up and take a chance, goes so far as to promise the gamblers not to punish them, in case buying lottery tickets reveals that they have been guilty of hoarding foreign currencies. In other words, this particular gamble instead of adding to one's guilt actually washes some previous sin away. Here, briefly, is the defense offered in the countries where it is a novelty and therefore needs to be explained:

When confronted by a choice of two evils, it is common sense to choose the lesser. The evil in a lottery is the fact that most ticket-buyers lose their money. If nobody lost, it would not be an evil but a blessing and therefore the less people who lose the less the evil.

In a big lottery, honestly conducted, there are many winners and at least one is made rich. This, they say, is certainly less of an evil than any of the ordinary methods of taxation where nobody ever gets a cent back. Every penny the taxpayer is forced to give up is gone forever in the bottomless pit of government expenditure. Also most taxpayers have been just about bled white.

Whether a lottery as a method of getting more money out of private pockets into the treasury is morally right or not, it certainly has one outstanding virtue. A government lottery seems to be the only form of taxation which brings no protest from those who are taxed. They like it. Those who do not like it can keep away from it and not be taxed. What could be sweeter than a tax which nobody pays unless he yearns to do so?

Nobody denies that government lotteries are conducted with scrupulous honesty and fairness. Everybody has an equal chance, which is not true in any gainful business trade or profession. In any legitimate vocation, the man or woman with superior health, intelligence, training and industrious habits is sure to get the best of the invalid, the stupid and the shiftless. But the village half-wit has just as good chance as the college professor of getting rich in a lottery.

How the public rushes up to be taxed in this manner was revealed in New South Wales, Australia, recently when a state lottery was opened for the benefit of hospitals. The grand prize was an unusually low one, only $25,000, yet on the first day a line half a mile long formed outside the ticket office.

Another feature, pleasing to countries that run lotteries but quite annoying to those, like the United States and England, who have refrained, is that fact that it is the only tax one country can impose on the citizens of another without first conquering them in war. The Irish Sweepstakes and the Spanish Christmas lottery have been collecting millions from England, France and the United States. Now that France has opened up a bigger and better one, England in desperation has decided to go into the business, too, and keep the British money at home.

The first "slice" of the $60,000,000 French National lottery was offered last August. Twelve million dollars worth of tickets were sold with a top prize of $300,000. Immediately there was clamor and complaint all over France, not from those who had been taxed but from those who wanted to be and didn't get in line in time. The government had to assure the public that the next "slices" would be hurried up—a strange sort of tax-payers' revolt.

The French granted a rebate of 20 per cent to purchasers of books of ten 100-franc tickets or over, in case they did not win a prize. The worst any purchaser of a ten-ticket book could be stuck was a little more than $9 and he might win any one of many prizes, including the grand prize of $300,000.

The rich and prosperous have no real advantage over the very poor. The rich can buy more tickets and thus increase their chances of winning a prize; a few might club together, buy them all, and thus make sure of winning all the prizes; in which case they would be many millions out of pocket. There is only one system on which to play a lottery—to risk an insignificant amount and expected to lose it. The risk of a little over ninety cents may win $300,000. The chances are stupendous that it will not win, but if it does—"Oh, Boy!"

A comical sidelight on human nature turned up in connection with the Russian lottery. This was not a straight lottery proposition but, like the Austrian one, part of a government loan. Everyone who bought a bond received a ticket, which might win him a cash prize.

The Soviet authorities do not need to offer any inducements to subscribers because these loans are not voluntary. The government simply announces the loan and informs each worker how much he is expected to take and that the price will be deducted from his pay. He has the right to decline, but if so he will not only lose his job but his food card, which is really a license to live because without it nobody can buy food in Russia, even if he has money.

There is really little reason why a Russian should object to giving back any surplus pay he receives over and above enough for the bare necessities of life, because there is hardly anything in Russia today that he could spend it on. Yet for some reason it must have been more than unusually unpopular and the iron dictatorship decided to soften the blow by this gambling feature. Radio and newspapers advertised the winning numbers with unexpected results. Hardly anybody bothered to collect, leaving some 90,000,000 rubles in the treasury, uncalled for. The government is said to be quite "peeved" at such ungrateful behavior by the lucky comrades.

In the new French lottery, workers in factories clubbed together in groups of ten to buy the ten-ticket books, with the 20% rebate, each member standing a chance to win the full $300,000. Some of the individual tickets were split up again in tenths among the destitute unemployed. At ten to a ticket, each for a few pennies, less than the cost of a pack of cigarettes, a purchaser could hope to win as much as $30,000.

Such universal appeal is irresistible. Though the government-operated or controlled lotteries in more than thirty countries are absolutely honest, there is an enormous amount of swindling in connection with them. France can see to it that the drawings of her own lotteries are "on the square" and does so, also that anyone who purchases a ticket from authorized sources gets a genuine one. But it cannot prevent imposters from flooding other lands, expecially America, with counterfeits. The U. S. Post Office has done its best and estimates that it has saved Americans from buying over a billion dollars worth of these frauds by intercepting them in the mail. Nobody will ever know how many of the counterfeits got through to "suckers."

Nobody is permitted to advertise in the United States any lottery, whether genuine or fake, but some ingenious rascals, making use of a Mexican radio station, just across the border, managed to flood several adjacent states with pasteboards of an entirely mythical lottery, which held no drawings at all, and every dollar went into the pockets of the scoundrels who organized it.

To date, the largest winner in any of the Irish sweepstakes was Emilio Scala, a British delicatessen dealer, whose ticket called for $1,750,000. But "friends" sued for a share of the winnings, claiming to have pooled the price of the ticket, and Scala so far has collected only a small part of the prize.

People seem incurably determined to bet on most anything—policy slips; the last figures of the weekly clearing house statement; whether more negroes will walk up the street or down; in pool rooms, some of them honest, some "phoney," and based on horse races, some of which are crooked; and, perhaps worst of all, slot machines. That these mechanical gambling devices are swindles has been exposed times without number, and that they are run by gangsters and racketeers, yet they bring in a weekly income estimated at over $1,000,000.

People take the longest chances, one in many millions, lose cheerfully and try again. All they ask is that the gamble be run honestly, a request, unfortunately, that is not too often granted in this country. Since gambling cannot be stopped and so much is sheer thievery, many conservative persons, like Frank A. Vanderlip, the retired banker, have urged that lotteries be conducted by Federal, State and City governments. This would at least assure honesty, take the business out of the hands of gangsters and racketeers and yield an enormous new revenue.

This does not dispose of the moral aspect of the question. Won't people be tempted to gamble away their wages? There seems no doubt that some will. But those who favor government lotteries point out that anyone so inclined has all the opportunities he wishes right now, although many of them are crooked. Also lotteries are no new thing in American history which shows that they aided considerably in building up the country.

In 1612 the Virginia Company raised funds for organizing the expedition by a lottery. It was a lottery that rebuilt Faneuil Hall in Boston, after it was burned down in 1761, and on four occasions Harvard pulled through financial crises by this device. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts made use of one in 1779 and still another helped build the Capitol at Washington. Only in 1890 did Congress feel that lotteries were enough of an evil to pass a bill against them. If a lottery were legal New York City could solve its financial difficulties in short order.

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Mr. Matuska's Weird Excuse For Wrecking Railroad Trains

Couldn't See One Running Without an Irresistible Impulse to Blow It Up Because His Mind "Was Controlled by a Dead Hypnotist"---But He'll Hang, Nevertheless

Photograph of the Train Wreck at Biatorbagy, Austria, Where a Bomb Placed on the Viaduct by Matuska Flung the Engine and Seven Cars Down Eighty Feet to the Bottom of a Hollow—and Killed 23 People.

Urged to Destroy Railroad Trains "by the Command of a Dead Hypnotist," the Former Wealthy Austrian Real Estate Dealer Told the Court, He Placed the Bombs He Manufactured on the Railroad Tracks, and in One Case Caused an Accident Which Killed 23 Passengers and Injured 100.

Matuska in Court Giving His Remarkable Defense That Because of the Dead Hypnotist He Could Never See a Railroad Train Running Without Wanting to Wreck It, Nor See a Long-Haired Woman in Mourning Without Being Compelled to Make Love to Her

Mrs. Matuska, Whose Death Was Caused by the Revelations of Her Husband's Crimes, and His Devoted Daughter, Gaby, Who Defended Him to Her Mother, Their Friends and Even to the Court

The Hypnotist, Leo Schlesinger, Under Whose Sinister Influence Matuska Pretended to Have Committed His Crimes, but Whose Friends Say Such Charges Are Ridiculous.

[illegible]

"W[illegible] A resounding knock at the front door of the com-[illegible] Matuska home in Vienna in-[illegible] family's grateful pray-[illegible] Anthony, patron saint of the [illegible]

[illegible] the name of the law!

[illegible] was offering thanks be-[illegible] St. Anthony had miraculously [illegible] Sylvester Matuska [illegible] of his [illegible] had been killed when it was [illegible] the viaduct into a hollow [illegible] below, at Biatorbagy, [illegible] They had prayed also that [illegible] ous murderer who had been [illegible] trains in Hungary, Austria, [illegible] and other parts of Europe [illegible] be caught and executed.

M[illegible] Matuska and their thirteen-year-old daughter, Gaby, thought the[illegible] good reason to pick out Sylvester Matuska as the only one to be [illegible] and they had especially good rea[illegible] gratitude. He was one man in [illegible], a perfect husband whose [illegible] was certain that he had [illegible] at another woman, and [illegible] who never said an unkind word. Besides he made lots of money in real estate, supplying them with every luxury they asked. Who could this be thundering at this good man's door?

"Why, the police are all around the house," exclaimed Mrs. Matuska. "Isn't that funny?"

She opened the door. Two men with grave, alert faces and hands in their pockets, strode silently past the woman and the child to the ideal husband and father whom St. Anthony had miraculously saved.

"Put up your hands, Matuska, and come with us," said the callers.

"But why? What for?" asked the wife and daughter incredulously, as they saw the police feel Matuska over for concealed weapons. The head of the family said nothing but at the insistence of the others, the police finally explained.

"He is the man all Europe is looking for—the train-dynamiter."

The wife and daughter laughed hysterically. Nothing could be more ridiculous, but the accused remained strangely silent, tugged at his collar and finally muttered something that sounded like:

"Leo, what have you done to me!"

They were taking him away when Gaby [illegible] up:

"Father, say something. Tell them it [illegible] mistake."

"Yes, darling," he answered, "of course it is. I will explain everything and be back soon."

The clue had come from Budapest where the police took notice of the testimony of some of the train crew's survivors. These had observed that immediately after the disaster, Matuska had escaped without as much as a scratch or a bruise. Yet some hours later when they saw him again, there were scratches on his face and hands which he said he had gotten in the accident. The train-wrecker had evidently thought St. Anthony's work was a bit too miraculous and made the fatal mistake of tampering with it.

The Berlin police discovered the shop where materials for the construction of the ingeniously made bomb of Juterbog—the same kind as the one at Ansbach and the one at Biatorbagy—had been purchased by a man whose description fitted Matuska. The Vienna police found out that Matuska had bought ten pounds of explosive recently, on the plea of wanting to blow up a disused factory chimney on a piece of property he owned. The chimney had not been blown up, Matuska said he had thrown the explosive into a brook, but the brook was drained, the explosive was not found, and the police thought it had been used for constructing the Biatorbagy bomb.

The evidence piled up until it was beyond explaining, and finally Sylvester Matuska confessed to three of the train wreckings, one of which caused 23 deaths. He did not deny that he had done many others but these were enough. The long series of outrages had been laid to Communists who boast that they are out to destroy civilization unless it lets them run it. But this man was no Communist and there had been no attempt at robbery. The police had pinned the crimes on him, but had not discovered their reason.

"Now that you have confessed, will you kindly tell us why you wished to cause death and injury to all these inoffensive people?" asked the chief of the Vienna detectives.

"It was post-hypnotic suggestion," replied Matuska, who is an unusually well-read man.

This was something new. As far as the records of Europe go, it is the first time that anyone has put that idea forward as defence or palliation for crime. Sylvester went on to explain.

"During the war, a professional magician and hypnotist came to entertain the soldiers at the front. I was one of several who allowed themselves to be hypnotized, and after that I never felt quite the same. But it did not seem to interfere with my life in any way until about three years ago when the hypnotist died. From that time on at intervals something, a spirit or an entity of some sort, with cold grey eyes appeared to me and made me leave my home.

"On these occasions when I saw a fine railroad train, like the Vienna Express, speeding proudly [illegible], the spirit urged me to wreck it. I could not be happy at home until I had done so. You will find [illegible] father and husband [illegible] blameless."

"Yes, [illegible]" the detectives, "but our [illegible] that you [illegible] other women, [illegible] whose patron [illegible] Saint Anthony. You [illegible] Hy[illegible]"

"You [illegible] that they [illegible] long-haired women in black [illegible] weeds, women in mourning," [illegible] Matuska.

The detectives glanced at each other and nodded with puzzled looks. The chief of detectives said:

"That [illegible] for [illegible]"

It was like [illegible] to destroy the trains, [illegible] Sylvester Matuska. "Whenever I [illegible] woman in black I was [illegible] an urge to comfort her grief with my love. Until I had conquered her heart I could not be happy at home. [illegible] made me do that too. Some of the women were in black [illegible] wrecks, but I was powerless to [illegible]"

"And who was the hypnotist?" the detective chief wanted to know, but Matuska shook his head.

"Leo has never permitted me to speak his name," the train-wrecker and pursuer of women in black replied. "He has erased it from my memory."

The detectives smiled incredulously. This was pretty thin, they thought, but research revealed that other [illegible] of his battalion at the front had [illegible] been hypnotized with Matuska, though none of the others noticed any after effects. Following up th[illegible] the [illegible] Leo Schlesinger, [illegible] who had [illegible] hypnotist [illegible] at Budapest [illegible] Schlesinger's [illegible] friends [illegible] [illegible]

Mrs. Matuska [illegible] [illegible] property [illegible] concerned [illegible] But [illegible] other women [illegible] [illegible] what was [illegible] [illegible] Following [illegible] trial, Mrs. Matuska [illegible] pneumonia and finally died [illegible]

At her [illegible] bedside Gaby did [illegible] that would have been [illegible] for a full-grown woman. The thirteen-year-old child consulted [illegible] and invented stories for [illegible] benefit. The girl [illegible] that State physicians had examined Matuska and reported that he had [illegible] nothing to do with any of the wrecks. She said that he had happened to [illegible] a couple of them, with the result that his shell-shocked mind [illegible] the delusion that he was the [illegible] The law was slow, but he [illegible] any way. Mrs. Matuska was ready enough to believe this but wanted to know about those other women, that long procession of figures in black which kept [illegible] through her fevered mind.

[illegible] of them [illegible]" [illegible] Gaby [illegible]

[illegible] Matuska had [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] chose to [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] fort, very [illegible] and [illegible] Vienna, were ready to [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of only [illegible]

[illegible] fling [illegible]

[illegible] master know[illegible] of the [illegible] security [illegible] of pub[illegible] Matuska [illegible] trial. Aft[illegible] to go to [illegible] third nam[illegible]

Matuska [illegible] estate oper[illegible] he had [illegible] parent[illegible] to win al[illegible]

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You can't really hear today's broadcasts with a "yesterday" radio!

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

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MARVELOUS TONE! Due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction—the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board

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BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

Shadow Tuning—Automatic volume control—new electro dynamic auditorium speaker—illuminated station recording dial—PHILCO high efficiency tubes, etc.

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PHILCO 16RX (Including Foreign Short Wave) $195

With PHILCO Remote Control you enjoy not only radio's finest reproduction—but radio's greatest convenience. You regulate volume, control tone, change stations without leaving your chair. The program comes with all the perfection of PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board tone from the Sound Cabinet across the room. Every feature of the marvelous 16X is included in PHILCO 16RX, plus the convenience and enjoyment to be obtained through PHILCO Remote Control.

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Cowboy Romances Which Don't Last Long

Love Blooms Rapidly in the Arizona Desert, But Marital Happiness Seems to Wilt and Wither Just As Fast---But There Are a Few Notable Exceptions

Betty Offield, Chicago Chewing Gum Heiress, Whose Romance With a Wealthy Chicago Youth Budded and Bloomed in Paradise Valley, Arizona.

Caroline Jackson Crittenden, Pittsburgh Steel Heiress, Who Left Her Cowboy Husband After Three Days of Love in a Desert Shack.

George ("Big Boy") Gillespie, Singing Cowboy, Holding on His Lap the Mail Order Heiress Who Became His Wife—And Still Is.

Hassan Sabry El Kordi, Who Claimed Descent From the Pharaohs of Old Egypt, and His Arizona Bride. But After Two Disillusioning Years in the Far East, She Returned Alone to Her Native Desert

Mrs. Nancy Gillespie Morrison, Desert-Born Girl Who Found Happiness With a Husband From the East, Only to Lose Him in an Automobile Tragedy

Paul Showalter, the Romantic Cowboy Who Won a Pittsburgh Heiress in a Rapid Fire Courtship Under Starry Arizona Skies But Lost Her in Three Days

LOVE matches in the wide open spaces, where the girl from the East marries the Western cowboy, do not seem to endure longer, as a rule, than the blossoming of the desert cactus. The recent broken romance of Miss Caroline Jackson Crittenden, a Pittsburgh girl, one of a long line of wealthy Eastern debutantes who graduated from the finishing school who weds a lariat-swinging vaquero usually decides at the end of the first month, sometimes sooner, that a ranch is more to her liking than a ranch bunk-house. And the dashing young Romeo who leaves the whirl of dancing and parties to ride the range with a pretty "gal of the golden West" is likely to discover that the bright lights of the drawing room or cabaret twinkle more gayly than the stars of the desert.

Miss Crittenden, heiress to the millions that her family accumulated from operating steel mills in the Allegheny Valley in Pennsylvania, went to Arizona to spend the Winter, and was enraptured by the old gnarled cacti and the long sweeps of gray mesquite. Her $2,000-a-month suite in a suburban hotel near Tucson was deserted most of the time. Shut up in drawing rooms all of her life, she fled to the out-of doors.

Paul Showalter was a master at the hotel's riding academy—a cowboy "from way up north" who found the tips of tourists more profitable than "riding herd" for blasphemous ranch bosses. He groomed Miss Crittenden's horse and as a guide accompanied her day after day into quiet little canyons and up the pine-clad slopes of mountain.

As they rode side by side along lonely trails and far from the watchful eyes of dowagers, they fell madly in love. Full yellow moons, the altering perfume of jasmine and honeysuckle, and cool night breezes swept them into each other's arms. While he sang to her soft melodies of the range lands, gossamers of her hair danced about his bronzed cheeks. So enchanted was she that she forgot the boy whom she had left behind at the University of West Virginia, the lad to whom she was engaged.

Two slipped quietly away one twilight to a cowboy parson and were married. Three days later she left him. Two weeks after their whirlwind courtship, he filed a divorce suit.

"She up and wouldn't live on my pay," he said, "and I weren't going to brand myself a gigolo by taking money from her folks for the chuck. I'm danged if I'll fall that low."

He said in his court action that two days after they were married she told him that his social standing was a hindrance to her and that she loved another man." Showalter took for granted that the marriage was to be kept secret.

So he didn't keep it secret. He told only his old cowboy friends and his sole possession in the world. After the divorce had been granted, he went East to be with his wife.

Two years ago the old story was repeated with a strange feminine twist in the love of Miss Frances Kramer and William E. Irvin. She is the daughter of the late Leighton Kramer of Philadelphia who amassed a fortune in the manufacturing business and later became a godfather to western polo teams and rodeos. Irvin has been losing a mustang ever since he quit breaking.

After a few moonlight rides, they were married at Lordsburg, New Mexico, the Gretna Green of the South west. They lived together a few weeks and then she went to "visit her family."

Disillusioned after months of waiting, Irvin filed a $50,000 damage suit against Mrs. Leighton Kramer alleging that she had taken her daughter to Atlantic City where she "had alienated her affections and prejudiced her against me by holding me up to ridicule." When his bride returned and told him that she no longer loved him she dropped the suit. A short time later she had been granted a divorce and married a young Louisville business man to whom she had been engaged before she fell under the "spell of the West."

Even though the wide-open cowboy combination is invariably the tale is the same. The Cinderella of the chaparral finds love just a dream when a Prince Charming comes riding from the sunrise country.

Miss Isabel Helen Maynard, a University of Arizona co-ed who came from where the sun goes to supply the only shade in a burning desert. While chatting with a friend between classes, she met Hassan Sabry El Kordi whose home was in Cairo where his father was director of education. He claimed to be descended from the Pharaohs.

What could be more romantic? To be courted by a wealthy Eastern prince and to go with him to the land of the pyramids where sheiks ride and Arabian steeds over the sand of the Sahara. She dreamed of herself as the heroine in another "Desert Song."

So they joined their hands together before a few classmates, were bound "until death do us part," and set forth for the mystery that only Cairo holds.

Two years later she came back to Arizona. She didn't like the way Egyptians treated their women, the terrible isolation that Cairo wives led, and the veil about the face. He obtained an Egyptian divorce. She was granted one in Arizona.

The tale, though, that the cowboys of the bucking broncos delight in telling around the camp-fires at night concerns a romance between Miss Betty Offield, known on the old Bar X ranch in Colorado, where she roped cayuses as well as any man, by the cowboys as "Arizona." When she was 17 her father decided that a little Western life might help this lass whose parents scarcely knew how to get along.

So she didn't been enrolled in [illegible] college more than a year when she met Ralph O. Vance, son of Clarence, a distant cousin of the Vanderbilts, and with a monthly allowance that seemed large to a cowboy who had never received more than a dollar a day. From the first, Charlie loved the handsome youth whose courteous manners and sophistication had enthralled more than one girl, and in turn, this coquette of Fifth Avenue and Vanderbilt

And so, another climax to this ancient East-West epic was scrawled

It took the soft moonlight nights of the Arizona desert to bring romance to the hearts of Betty Offield and Jarvis Hunt, Jr. Both come from wealthy

When

Turn to American Week-End

The Bible Stories in Gene

Dr. Yahuda, the Distinguished Scriptur
Narrative of the Creation of Man, Ev
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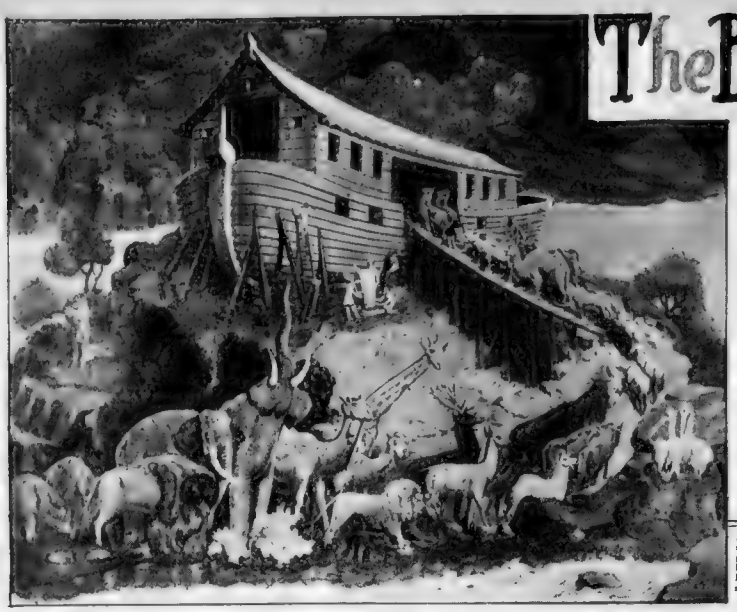
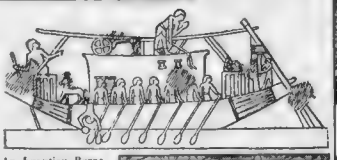


An Artistic But Traditional Conception of the Animals Going Into Noah's Ark Two by Two, Painted by Ernest M. Dinkel and Exhibited in the London Royal Academy. Dr. Yahuda Says That the Bible Description of the Ark Makes It a Kind of Egyptian Barge or Box-Ship.

An Ancient Egyptian Inscription Showing the Serpent With Human Arms and Legs Placing Food Into the Mouth of a Deity, An Episode Closely Paralleling That of Eve and the Serpent.

Quaint Old Engraving of the Garden of Eden and the Scrip Matthew Merriam's Story of the Bible in Pictures, Published Researches Show That the Conspicuous Part Played by the Was Taken From Eg



An Egyptian Barge of the Reign of Thutmosis the Third, Having a Door at the Left Side and Two Openings Beneath the Roof, Exactly as in the Bible Description of Noah's Ark

The Finding of Little Moses in the Bulrushes by Pharaoh's Daughter, From the Painting by Paul Delaroche. The Egyptian Birth of the Israelite Leader Would Account for the Egyptian Character of Genesis, and It Has Even Been Argued That Moses Was the Son of Queen Hatshepsut.

Wall Sculpture at Deir El-Bahari of Queen Hatshepsut, Who According to Recent Investigators, May Have Been the Mother of Moses, the Traditional Author of Genesis.

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WHO wrote the Book of Genesis, the opening scenes of the Old Testament? Probably Moses, who led the Children of Israel to the Promised Land after their miserable existence in Egypt.

But where did Moses get his information about the beginning of the world, the creation of Adam and Eve, the episode of Eve's temptation by a serpent, Noah and his ark and the flood, the building of the Tower of Babel and other episodes?

Of course, Moses was not present in the Garden of Eden when these stirring things happened, nor was he one of the passengers in the ark, nor did he have any first-hand knowledge about the building and destruction of the Tower of Babel. Where did Moses get his information?

It has been proved by the researches of archeologists that in old Babylonia, long before the time of Moses, there were versions of all these matters, and scholars the world over have concluded that it was from Babylon that the writer of the Book of Genesis got his information.

But now Dr. A. S. Yahuda, one of the foremost Hebrew scholars in the world, who has spent many years studying the subject, comes forward with striking evidence that while there were similar legends in Babylonia, yet the Bible stories are Egyptian in their setting and coloring. Moses was born in Egypt—the infant found in the bulrushes on the bank of the Nile—and it was the Egyptian legends, the Egyptian mythology, the Egyptian geography and habits of life, and even the weather conditions which Dr. Yahuda is able to point out in the Old Testament narrative. They could not have been in the Babylonian legends.

Dr. Yahuda's interesting analysis of the early books of the Old Testament will appear in a book and meanwhile some of his discoveries have been set forth in a series of articles in the London Daily Telegraph.

Eve, he holds, was described as being created from Adam's rib, because in Egyptian mythology every other part of some god had been used in creating a minor god, or hero, and it would not have seemed respectful to make a woman out of something that could make a god. In fashioning man from clay as described in Genesis the Creator followed the method employed by the Egyptian god Khnum.

The Biblical Garden of Eden was really a land watered by the Nile and the allusion to other rivers flowing from it expressed the Egyptian belief that all rivers came from the great father of waters.

All this Egyptian material in the Bible is the result of the long stay of the Israelites in Egypt from the time of Joseph to that of Moses. The higher critics have believed that the Bible was revised and completed after the exile of the Israelites in Babylonia six hundred years before Christ and eight hundred years after the Israelites left Egypt. Dr. Yahuda's views make the Book of Genesis, at least, much older than the Babylonian exile. They prove it a creation of the period immediately following the return of the Israelites from Egypt. Of course, it is evident that important parts of the Bible were drawn from Babylonia, most probably by Abraham and his companions, but the Egyptian elaborations are highly important.

Dr. Yahuda's point of view gives renewed authority to the Bible and tends to confirm the old traditional belief that Genesis and the other four early books were indeed written by Moses. His theory makes it probable that Genesis at least was mainly written by Moses, who lived in Egypt from birth until he was a mature man, played an important part there and was familiar with its religion. Indeed, recent investigators have ventured to assert that he was the son of the great Queen Hatshepsut, who was the good Princess who found him in the bulrushes, and that this would account for the extraordinary consideration with which the child of a captive race was treated.

Among all the Genesis stories the flood is the one that has the most substantial Babylonian origin. The Babylonian original is part of the Gilgamesh epic, which is more than four thousand years old.

It would be expected that the Hebrew version of this account would contain many words of Babylonian origin, as such words were much used by the Jews, but Dr. Yahuda shows that there are only three. It is most astonishing that in a narrative originating from Babylonia, as this does, the most important object in the whole story, the ark, is not designated by any of the Babylonian words for ship, such as "elipu," as the ark of Uta-Naphistim was invariably called in later Hebrew. On the contrary a word borrowed from the Egyptian, "tebah," is used, meaning chest or coffer. The Hebrew writer does not use the word "abubu" the regular word for a flood, but the word "mabbul," which means an abundance of water.

Evidently the writer conceived the ark as a large Egyptian barge, a kind of box-ship, consisting chiefly of a great rectangular chest, and he used the Egyptian word "tebah," meaning box, which was common among the Hebrews in Egypt, Dr. Yahuda points out.

Not only the shape of the ark, but also the manner of making its timbers water-tight are specifically derived from Egyptian carpentry. This is proved by the word "qinnim" used in Genesis, chapter 6, verse 14, which does not mean "rooms," but refers to papyrus fibre employed for stopping the joints between the planks, especially of light river boats, or skiffs, and also for all kinds of cane work, nets, arm chairs, litters and the like. It now becomes clear that the English translation "rooms shalt thou make in the ark," is wrong. The original Hebrew words point to the Egyptian method of making the boat water-tight.

Another feature of Egyptian construction is furnished by the order that the ark shall have a "zohar," which is translated "window." As a matter of fact it is not a window, but denotes a kind of sky-light characteristic of Egyptian houses and temples, made to admit air, when windows and doors had to be shut against heat or rain. This is clearly indicated in Genesis, chapter 6, verse 16, where it is said that the "zohar" should be not more than a cubit (18 inches) in height and that it should be fixed high up where no water could penetrate.

Pursuing his analysis of the Old Testament story of the flood, Dr. Yahuda points out that there are two different versions in Genesis of the flood. In the first version it is represented as a torrential rainfall which lasted forty days. But in the second version it is an inundation with a period of rise fixed at one hundred and fifty days. Moreover, a whole history is built up of the flood, dividing it in different phases extending over a whole year. The rainstorm is called in Hebrew "geshem" and the inundation "mabbul."

As soon as the writer of the Scriptural narrative gets away from the rainstorm, Dr. Yahuda points out that he begins to describe a flood of the Egyptian Nile. Indeed, in a passage preserved in two Egyptian papyri, allusion is made to a great tide by which the world was completely inundated and brought back to its original chaotic state. The description given in this ancient document of the Nile overflowing corresponds in many respects to that of the Biblical flood. In one place in the Bible the flood is described as "mabbul," or bursting forth of "the fountains of the great deep," as the English version has it, and at the same time as a strong down-pouring rain, "geshem," coming from the "openings of heaven." Here the Babylonian and the Egyptian elements are combined in the Scriptural narrative.

The fixing of a year for the duration of the flood and all its phases in chapter 8 of Genesis is entirely based on Egyptian experience. Only one who had lived in Egypt and was acquainted with all the conditions and dates of the rise and fall of the Nile could have adopted the scheme found in the Bible narrative. The Bible says the duration of the flood began on the 17th day of the second month and ended on the 27th day of the second month of the following year, that is about ten days more than a year. The water reached its highest point in 150 days.

The second month here means the second Spring month, as shown in other Hebrew passages. Therefore the flood must have begun in Summer and not in Winter, as it would have done in Babylonia. This date agrees in the most remarkable manner with the overflowing and receding of the Nile, until it returns to its lowest level.

Further interesting and convincing comments by Dr. Yahuda show the striking parallel between the Old Testament story and the facts as to the annual events in the Nile valley.

The Biblical author had to give some mark for the highest rise and lowest fall of the flood. So he took the highest mountain summits in substitution for the top edge of the Nile bank, where the overflow actually begins, and filled up the two periods following the rise of the Nile, of about three months' duration, with the recession of the flood from the level of the mountain peaks to the lowest places of the earth.

According to Genesis, chapter 20, verse 7, the water of the flood rose 15 cubits (23 feet) above the highest peaks of the mountains. This height is insignificant in connection with a mountain, but coincides very remarkably with the highest level of the rise of the Nile which from the earliest times has been established at 23 feet, with fractions.

The remarkable results of Dr. Yahuda's investigation showing the Egyptian setting and flavor in the story of the flood are repeated in his analysis of the story of the creation, which is composed almost entirely under Egyptian influences. When the Old Testament writer says in Genesis, "In the beginning the Lord made the heaven and the earth," he uses the Hebrew plural for heaven.

This is explained, Dr. Yahuda points out, by the fact that the Egyptians conceived the cosmos as having two skies, one covering the earth and the other the lower world. When the Hebrews came under Egyptian influence the

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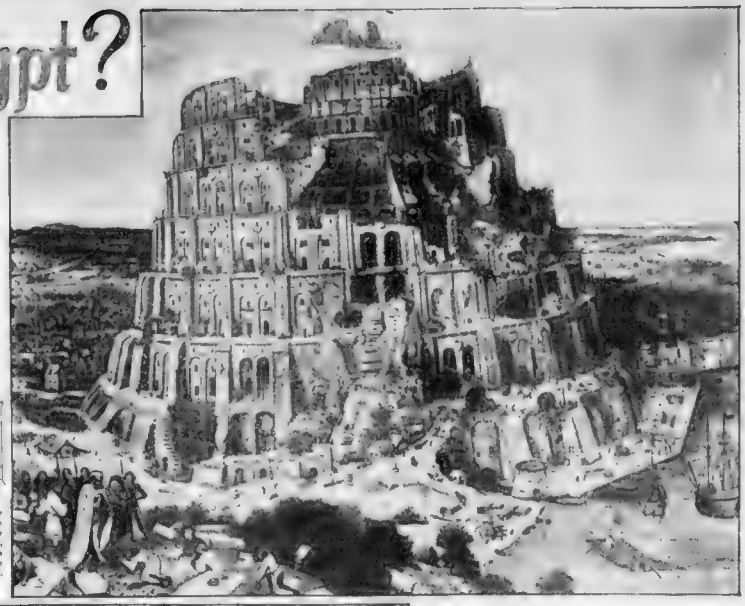
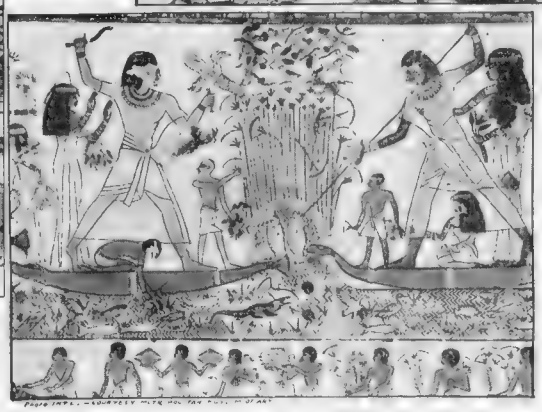


A Famous Old Picture of the Tower of Babel, by the Old Master, Peter Brueghel. It Does Not Conform Closely to the Bible Description, Which Dr. Yahuda Shows Makes It a Kind of Fortress Tower, Such as Were Built on the Egyptian Frontier

A Fortress Tower on the Egyptian Frontier From an Ancient Inscription in the Time of Rameses the Great, Answering in Many Details to the Description of the Tower of Babel in the Bible.

an Interesting Eve from a 1650, Dr. Yahuda's erpent in This Episode ptian Mythology



Ancient Egyptian Picture of a Scene on the Banks of the Nile, Which Was the Egyptian Idea of Paradise, and Corresponds Closely, According to Dr. Yahuda, to the Description of the Garden of Eden in the Bible. (By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

The Hebrew Text of Genesis Speaks of the "Living Soul" as Separate From the Body. This Ancient Carving Shows the Soul of the God Osiris Hovering Over His Nostrils—a Feature of Egyptian Religion.

dropped the singular form of the word used in all other Semitic languages and adopted the Egyptian conception.

A similar fact is the use in Hebrew of the word "Elohim" for God. This is also the plural form, although used in a singular meaning. The Egyptians never spoke of God in the singular, because when they did not speak of an individual divinity they had in mind the gods as "a corporation."

According to the first chapter of Genesis, verse 27, man was created in the "image of God," and it is stated very abruptly that men were created as "male and female." In that chapter it is stated that the beasts were created before man. In the second chapter, verse 7, we are told that man was the first living being, that God formed him "of the dust of the ground," and that He "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," so that he became a living soul. Here there is no mention of man being in the "image of God," nor of men having been created as "male and female," at the same time. On the contrary we are told that the man remained for some time single, and that only later was the woman made from one of his ribs. As for the animals, they were made after and not before the man (chapter 2, verse 19).

Now, the idea of a man being created "in the image of God" is a typically Egyptian conception. It is often expressed in reference to the gods created by the first primeval god "out of his body." The idea was that as the children were made out of their creator's body they bore his likeness. This is the conception which underlies the first version in Genesis, in which the first man appears as an emanation from God Himself, in the place of the first gods as in Egyptian legends. His supremacy over all other living beings consisted in his having been created by God Himself, whereas the others were made to emerge from the water and the earth. This supremacy is further enhanced in that he was the last to be created. It is also in line with this conception that the male and female should be created at the same time and be equal emanations from God the Creator.

But there was another Egyptian belief exclusively applied to the creation of man, and this is the basis of the second version in Genesis. The god Khnum is the creator of man, he forms the body from clay on the potter's wheel, and after completing the form and countenance, the god blows the soul into the nostrils.

One of the most striking associations of Egyptian ideas with the creation story is the designation of the first man as Adam. This comes from the Hebrew word "adamah," which literally means "red earth." In Genesis, Chapter 2, verse 7, it is said that "God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." The expression "adamah" does not occur in any Semitic language but Hebrew. If we turn to Egypt we find that they had a word literally meaning "the red one," but designating desert land, in contradistinction to "the black one," meaning the fertile, black, muddy soil brought down by the Nile. The word "adamah" was, therefore, borrowed from the Egyptian expression for the desert. It is also said in Genesis, chapter 3, verse 23, that Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden to till the "red earth."

The statement that the "Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," is typically Egyptian. The expression "breath of life" is common in ancient Egyptian inscriptions. Then the idea of "breathing a breath of life into the nostrils" is very common in Egyptian. It is used with reference to gods, or kings, emphasizing that it is they who give life to man. So it is said of the god Ptah that he "gives the breath of life into every nose," and of King Sesostris III, that he is "the shepherd who knows how to blow in the breath of life," and of King Merneptah, "breath enters the nostrils at the sight of him," and of another king that "he gives breath into the nostrils of women."

It is said of the great god Osiris that "he poured forth the air that is in his throat into the nostrils of man." This idea is often pictorially represented by a god, or gods, blowing into the nostrils of a new-born child, or of blowing into the nostrils of the deceased so that he "becomes alive again." In other cases it is the king who receives the breath of life into his nostrils from a god. All these significant facts are pointed out by Dr. Yahuda.

The interesting episode of the formation of Eve from one of Adam's ribs, described in Genesis, chapter 2, verse 21, is peculiarly Egyptian. In one of the oldest Egyptian myths it is said that eight great gods, who together with Ptah-Atum, formed the "corporation" of nine gods, were created by him from his members, namely the god of wisdom and writing, Thoth, from his heart; the god-king Horus, from his tongue; and other gods from his teeth, hands, nose, and other parts.

It is clear that only in an environment where such conceptions prevailed could the author of Genesis have hit upon the idea of bringing the mother of mankind into existence from the body of the first man. Why was the rib chosen for the formation of the woman? This was not, as is often assumed, because the rib could easily be spared but because the woman should not originate from any member from which Egyptian gods had been created.

The expression "living soul," which is peculiar to the creation story of Genesis, coincides literally with the Egyptian phrase "ba-ankh." In many Egyptian pictures one can see the mummy being visited by the soul, which the Egyptians imagined in the form of a human-headed hawk, able to go out in the light of day. The English translation uses the phrase "creatures," or "living creatures," instead of "living soul," which Dr. Yahuda says is the proper translation of the Hebrew.

A striking feature in the first chapter of Genesis is that the birds, like the fishes, were produced from the water and not from the earth as were other animals. This conception is clearly Egyptian, for the birds which engaged the interest of the Egyptian sportsmen nested in the swamps and bushes of the Nile. As a matter of fact, in the oldest Egyptian literature the "Goose," or wild duck, appears as the first living being. We are told that the sun-god Ra was the first god to make his appearance, and crept as a duck from the egg which lay in the primeval waters.

Dr. Yahuda argues that in describing the Garden of Eden, the author of Genesis had in mind conditions found in Egypt. The mention of the Euphrates and the Tigris among the four Paradise streams, in Genesis, chapter 2, verse 14, has led scholars of all ages to locate Paradise in Mesopotamia. In reality, apart from the two rivers mentioned, most details of the story point to Egypt as the site of Paradise. The first clue is given in the statement in Genesis, chapter 2, verse 5, that the earth was not watered by rain, but by a mist coming up from the ground and that Eden was watered by a river—one river only. These are conditions found in Egypt rather than Mesopotamia, as the latter had a quite abundant rainfall.

According to the Egyptians, the Egyptian Paradise, which they called "the fields of the blessed," was enriched by a river that went forth from heaven. In a mysterious way that river reached the surface of the earth, through two spring-holes below the first cataract between Elephantine and Philae, and emerged as the Nile. This idea is pictorially represented in a relief on a small island near Philae, where the god of the Nile, Haapi, protected by a serpent, is pouring water out of two vases in his hands, symbolizing the two sources of the Nile.

The Egyptians imagined that the lower world was in the west beyond the horizon. Men at the end of their lives went down at the end of the world where the sun set and the glowing heat of the day gives way to an agreeable coolness. The author of the Bible retained the western direction of the Egyptian lower world in describing Paradise, but placed the Eden oasis at the western end upon the earth. It was in that oasis that the creation of the first man and all other creatures occurred. All the details of the Garden of Eden are Egyptian. In speaking of the four rivers he meant that they came forth from the one river after it left the Garden, Dr. Yahuda asserts.

Following the idea of the Egyptian "fields of the blessed," the author of Genesis supposed that the Eden river on reaching the sandy soil of the "red land" outside of the oasis gradually vanished. Then it branched off in various directions until it reached the spots where it emerged to flow on the surface of the earth in different countries. The idea that different rivers were connected with the Nile was also entertained by the Greeks, who thought that the Indus River in India was an upper reach of the Nile.

Those conspicuous features of the Book of Genesis, "The Tree of Life," and the "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil," are closely linked with the Egyptian "fields of the blessed." Among the trees of the Egyptian Paradise was the "Tree of Life." In the very ancient pyramid texts the wish is expressed that "the king may be fed from the Tree of Life." Inscribing the names of the blessed on the leaves of the Tree of Life secured their remaining eternally alive.

In the Egyptian Paradise there was also a lusty sycamore. Here was the seat of the supreme god Ra. The goddess Hathor also sat under the sycamore. In some pictures in the Book of the Dead she appears beneath the tree more. The sycamore always figured in Egyptian poetry as the "love tree," and its fruits "loved fruit." To enjoy sycamore fruit and wine was equivalent to the enjoyment of love. The lover is compared to the fig tree, whereas the lady sycamore symbolizes the beloved bride. The

Continued on Page 22

Captain Christine By Basil Carey

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure in the South Seas

Carroll Watched Christine as She Swung Over the Side and Dropped Lightly Into Blaize's Outstretched Arms. Was It Only His Fancy That She Changed Color at the Contact?

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

J[illegible]

CHAPTER XII (Continued).
Takunai.

P[illegible] At any moment the San Juan [illegible] graze one of the [illegible] [illegible]

Treherne decided that they must stand off [illegible]. With daylight he [illegible] for a harborage [illegible].

All night [illegible]

[illegible] irritably [illegible]

[illegible] him [illegible]

"You [illegible]" roared at the scrambling, cursing figure. "I'd as soon have a woman aboard."

He slammed down the companion hatch and went to relieve Puahe at the helm. That young Lambert! Who would suppose that th[illegible] in him to d[illegible]? The fellow w[illegible] nuisance. W[illegible], reflected Treherne. For a woman carries compensation for her follies and her unreason. However angry one may be with her, there yet remains th[illegible] her [illegible]. Here [illegible] of defiance, insubordination, or disobedience [illegible] either [illegible] force of [illegible] quiescence.

This wouldn't [illegible] woman, thought [illegible] herne, peering into the darkness. That girl of Allen's [illegible]. He remembered [illegible] harbor when the Curlew was going out, and Christine lent a hand with the ropes. How her splendid body had [illegible] straightening and [illegible] the [illegible] might [illegible] [illegible] startled attention.

[illegible]

He found himself remembering her more particularly. How tall she had seemed in the white frock she wore on the night that Allen died. Allen had brought her [illegible] to be useful, too. Would she stand about yawning like that [illegible] Huh! Not [illegible] It [illegible] difficult [illegible] to mind [illegible] Master [illegible] [illegible] boy [illegible]

[illegible] She'd struck him [illegible] the face. He had that to pay off. Well, maybe he'd have a chance before [illegible]. Would they follow [illegible] she [illegible] Haggerty [illegible] Curlew? [illegible] He would be ready [illegible]

[illegible] stars faded, [illegible] there shot [illegible] of gray [illegible] [illegible] covered [illegible] to have a yellow sky on this first day on Takunai. Wind, that's what it meant, wind. He called for Lambert, and after [illegible] head appeared.

"Look [illegible] sky," said Treherne. "[illegible] storm in th[illegible]"

"Look [illegible]" Lambert [illegible] "[illegible] that place, I must [illegible]"

Together they gazed at the island. The land rose steeply from the sea, gathering itself up into a high peak in the center of the island. The place was densely wooded. Thick forests rose from the cliffs' edge to the [illegible] of the central height. The coast was broken by [illegible] [illegible] creeks where calm anchor[age] [illegible] found. Lambert fetched the chart and they pored over it till Treherne put his finger on a certain spot.

"See [illegible]? We'll find that [illegible]. Look how the rock curves out like an elbow joint. Once [illegible] crook of that and we're safe in any storm that blow[s]."

Lambert [illegible]

"Looks like [illegible] that one to the [illegible] light enough to get her in now," [illegible] you Kanaka, all sa[il] [illegible]"

[illegible] led the ship, and th[illegible] responded quickly. Treherne began to edge towards the land. He coaxed the San Juan onward foot by foot [illegible] [illegible] the chart [illegible] [illegible] her way towards [illegible] rocks that hid the [illegible] she was [illegible]. It took Treherne two hours to [illegible] three-quarters of a mile, and the watery sun was high by the time the San Juan's anchor [illegible] ran out with a welcome rattle.

Treherne wiped the sweat out of his eyes and sat down on a coil of rope.

"'Strewth! What a life! Give me that chart."

He took it from Lambert's hand and studied it. The sunken [illegible] Andy Peter[illegible] right. Was she still intact after two years among those reefs? It was hardly possible. Yet, if she had broken up, some of her wreckage would have been picked up. It seemed to Treherne that she must have sunk plumb between two hidden rocks that held her in [illegible] protecting her from the [illegible] of the currents. If that [illegible] so, his task would be [illegible].

He glanced at the heaving sea and frowned. How long before th[illegible] wind ceased? It was one of [illegible] to attempt anything until the waves [mod]erated. And every day, every hour, was precious. Who could say whether the Curlew would come soon or late. It [illegible] inconceivable that the San Juan should not be pursued. [illegible] if he hadn't had his wit[s] [illegible] there would have been [illegible] track instead of [illegible].

Lambert's [illegible] voice interrupted [his] thoughts.

"Do you reckon Haggerty's [illegible]?"

"[illegible] But we've got the [illegible] We [illegible] and we can get ready for him."

"[illegible] going to fight?"

[illegible] fighting [illegible]

[illegible] at Lambert.

"We can't do anything till [illegible]. No good [illegible] down yet. [illegible]"

[illegible]

"[illegible] Are you trying to [illegible] afraid?"

"It would [illegible] the truth." The [illegible]

[illegible] they lay snug, [illegible] wind blew unabated. In [illegible] went ashore, [illegible] for water. Treherne kept a boy on the cliff-top to watch for the approach of any vessel. At the head of the [illegible] curiously carved creek a tiny beach sloped down to the water's edge. Sitting here, with [illegible] drawn up to his chin, Treherne gazed at the [illegible] against the [illegible]. He [illegible] the San Juan was completely hidden from the view of a passing ship. [illegible] of the cliffs [illegible] suspicious from the sea.

[illegible] the wind dropped [illegible] [illegible] again to [illegible] the wind and the roar [illegible] [illegible] breeze. [illegible] would be quiet enough for the longboat to set out on its [illegible] of discovery. Treherne got up with the sun and bathed in the clear water. He swam ashore and scrambled up the beach. The sand stung his naked body with a pleasant friction. Standing erect, he shaded his eyes and glanced up to the cliff top.

"Puahe!"

The faint answer came from the lookout boy.

"Oh, Tereherini!"

"You see him boat?"

"No, Tereherini, no can see boat."

All clear so far, then. Treherne swam back to the San Juan, swung himself aboard by a hanging rope end and hurried into his clothes. Breakfast was ready and he ate quickly. The [illegible] boys waited with the [illegible]. They had caught the white man's excitement and they chattered [illegible] among themselves with the [illegible] agitation.

Lambert alone [illegible] and preoccupied. In vain Treherne rallied him, laughed at him, flicked him with [illegible] badinage. He didn't answer. He could not shake off [illegible] of disaster. A [illegible] hatred of Treherne [illegible] and hatred of the [illegible] that Treherne would force him to perform. He had never [illegible] of sea-diving before. But now he shuddered and drew back. To search a drowned [illegible], to get caught by the foot, perhaps, in some rusty chain and lose his life away! That was what he feared. The thought of it turned him white and sick.

"Come on," said Treherne.

They went on deck. The longboat [illegible] the San Juan's [illegible]. Blue-gray cliffs and the dark [illegible] of tree tops [illegible] sky [illegible] [illegible] A rusty chart [illegible] But [illegible] the water [illegible] [illegible] down [illegible].

[illegible] Treherne was in the [illegible] [illegible] with the thought of what lay [illegible]. Now at last [illegible] would put his back to the [illegible]. Now [illegible] grant [illegible]. Lambert climbed [illegible] the Kan[akas] [illegible] oars. Treherne stood up. His lip parted [for] the command.

"Tereherini!"

It was the lookout from the cliff-top. They could see his agitated face [illegible] frantic hands.

"Him boat! [illegible]!"

"Give me the glass," Treherne [illegible] to Lambert. "You [illegible] me [illegible] land."

[illegible] out, and [illegible] started toward the [illegible] soon as the keel grated [illegible] leapt out. W[illegible] [illegible] he hurried through the [illegible] palms to the top of the [illegible] cliff and flung himself on the ground. Following the direction of the lookout's finger he clapped the glass to his eye.

For a long time he lay there watching the Curlew as she swung through the blue morning on [her] quest. Anger curved Treherne's mouth as he made out the [illegible] aboard the ship. She was too far off for him to be sure that [he] saw what he sought. But presently he fixed his eyes on a [illegible] spot, waiting till the Curlew should come nearer. At last [he] [illegible] the glass down on the [illegible] rotten turf. Mingled with [illegible] was a curious emotion [that] startled him by its intensity. He had found what he sought.

Captain Christine was coming to Takunai.

CHAPTER XIII.
Flare Up.

On the day that the Curlew came in sight of Takunai a quarrel flared up between Blaize and Christine. The immediate cause was an innocent remark made by Haggerty.

The three of them were snatching a hasty breakfast. Carroll was at the wheel. A thin cool dawn crept over the sea, and everyone aboard was seized by the nervous excitement that comes before action. Even the Kanakas knew that they might never see another sunrise. [illegible] strained their eyes southward to catch the first glimpse of the summits of Takunai. Among themselves they whispered, reckoning up the chances of the encounter. Was it possible that Treherne would meet his match?

At table the white men spoke little. Christine tried to talk to Haggerty, but the fat man answered her shortly. She took no offense, knowing the anxiety that haunted him. He it was who must bring the Curlew to safe anchorage. Inch by inch the ship must be guided through the reef-infested water. He had a rough chart, imperfect, unreliable. The only chart that was worth having was the one that old Andy Peter[sen] had made, [the] chart that Treherne would [use] to bring the San Juan into [a] safe port.

"'Strewth," said Haggerty at last. "I wonder [illegible] have? Treherne['s] pretty sure to be there. Most likely he'll [illegible] wonder if a [illegible] to board [illegible] Swine!"

"You can't tell for certain that [illegible]," Christine objected.

"It would be like his tricks to make a detour and come up when we're in the middle of the job. Yes, that's what he'll do—let us get the stuff up and then walk in and nab it."

"That's Carroll's idea," Haggerty said. "Ain't that what he told you last night? Reckon he ought to know, seein' he used to sail with Treherne."

Without a Word, Carroll Stepped Behind Him, and Rammed the Muzzle of a Gun Against the Stranger's Spine.

"Did Carroll say that?" Christine inquired, with an assumption of haughty indifference.

"You know he did. When he was trimmin' your hair last night."

He tilted his cup, banged it down on the table, and passed a smooth forearm across his wet lips. Reaching for his hat he heaved himself up from his seat with a ponderous jerk and went on deck.

Christine poured out [illegible] more coffee for herself. Very fresh and trim she looked in a clean white suit, her newly cut hair smooth and glossy, her eyes bright with the anticipation of combat. Opposite her Blaize lounged, his hands in his pockets, his long legs outstretched. Christine stirred her coffee, tasted it and reached for the sugar that lay in an enamel bowl beside Blaize's elbow. To get it she half rose from her seat, leaning across the table.

"Here!" said Blaize fiercely, and slammed the bowl down, an inch from her cup.

"Thanks."

"Why couldn't you have asked for it?"

"I didn't want to trouble you."

"Trouble! A fat lot you care what trouble you give! Haggerty's been kept busy passing every blame dish on the table. But you won't ask me to move the sugar in case you'd be troubling me. Thanks for your consideration, I'm sure."

He hunched his shoulders and glared out of the open porthole.

Christine choked and put down her cup to join the battle.

"Well, and why should I ask you to do anything for me?" she demanded. "Ever since you came aboard you've been as surly as a dog. If I speak to you, you only grunt. You won't talk. You won't be amiable. Why should I bother about you?"

"You needn't," he retorted, hotly. "I['ve] come out to kill a man. Y[es]. I'll get Treherne or he'll g[et] [me]. What sort of trip do you t[hink] this is—a pleasure [trip]? You seem to think Carroll and I are here just for you to fool [around] with. You may well [illegible]"

"I'm not," said Christine, scarlet.

"[illegible] you know it's true. I've seen you, and Carroll glancing at each other. And what [illegible] saying about you [illegible] your back hair! Wouldn't let me straighten it up [illegible] No, but you let Carroll."

"What [is it] to you if I did?"

"[illegible] You needn't flatter yourself that I care two curses what you and Carroll do, [as] long as you leave me alone."

His face was dark with anger. Christine stared at him, half afraid. What had happened to the tongue-tied giant whom she had [illegible] to treat as [illegible] [illegible] in his [illegible] the rough, [illegible]. On his neck a [illegible] throbbed dangerously under the stress of his emotion. The instinct that sleeps in all women awoke in Christine. She [illegible] on the table [illegible] folded hand.

"It's extremely kind of you to think about me at all," she told him [illegible]. "You're very concerned about me, aren't you? Why?"

He didn't answer. Was this a moment in which to tell her the truth? Suppose he were to say what was in his heart—what a mock she and Carroll would make of him! He could see them with their heads together, laughing, whispering about him, exchanging glances as they fell silent [illegible]. Perhaps she really was learning to care for Carroll. At the thought his heart missed a beat. No matter what she said, he must know.

"Christine."

"Well?"

"You and Carroll—you and Carroll—"

"Go on," she said levelly.

He couldn't. He couldn't put the thing into words. If she [illegible] about the fellow—

"[illegible] think I'm in love with him? How could I be, after you'd warned me against him?"

He reddened at the mockery in her voice.

"Warned you?"

"Yes. Don't you remember—after he'd kissed me for the first time?"

The first time. Had there been other times then?

"You were concerned in case he should break my heart," Christine went on, her eyes dancing. "He'll be amused when I tell him that you think he's a despoiler of [illegible]."

"Shut up," [illegible] her.

"Mind your manners, Blaize," she said coldly.

For answer he rose and flung out of the room without another glance. Left alone, Christine went and stood by the open porthole. As she gazed idly across the dancing water she strove in vain to quiet her anger at Blaize's manner. How dared he presume to criticize? Why, anybody would think he had a right to say what he liked to her, he the [illegible] awkward fellow who used to sit dumb and stupid up at the [illegible] house for an hour at a time. Why should he care what happened between Carroll and herself?

Though Carroll meant less than nothing to her she had let him kiss her, let him make easy love, never chided him when he answered her in his careless, impudent way. It was utterly absurd of Blaize to take up this attitude of of jealousy. Jealousy . . . If Blaize were jealous, surely that would imply that he cared for her? She stood very still, watching the paling sky, and never heard Carroll's light step on the companion.

Quiet as a cat he came behind her and laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. She turned quickly, startled at his touch. As soon as he saw her eyes he knew something was wrong.

"What's up, Christine?"

"Nothing."

"Blaize is on deck imitating a thunder-cloud," said Carroll, "and you're down here, looking what is called 'pensive.' More than that, you're darned angry about something. Had a row with Blaize?"

He was smiling, but she could not meet his humor.

"He thinks he can boss me. Everything I do, he criticizes."

"And what did you suppose he'd do?" Carroll said quietly. "When you took over this ship, you did it with your eyes open. A woman aboard isn't going to have the easiest time, Christine."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Why, this. It's all very well for you to dress like a man, and take your share, and keep your watch like the rest of us, Captain Christine! You're no more boss of this ship than Huata-ata. If I or Haggerty or Blaize refused to obey what could you do? Yes, I know you carry a gun. But you wouldn't dare use it. If you did, just say for argument that I mutinied and you shot me down. How long could you boss two white men and a dozen Kanakas? Not long. And you know it. You're only boss of this show by our favor, mine and Haggerty's and Blaize's. Do you know who is the real boss?"

"I suppose you mean Haggerty."

"I mean the strongest man aboard," he told her. "I mean Blaize. Where would you be if he turned against you?"

"Do you think I'm afraid of him?"

"You wouldn't be the first to fear him," he said gravely. "You've never seen him roused. He's a devil, sometimes. I've seen him—"

He stopped.

"Never mind that," he said at last. "I don't know why I'm telling you this. Only he looked kind of baited when he came on deck just now. Have you let him think there was anything between you and me?"

At his abrupt question she flushed and looked away.

"I thought so," Carroll said, watching her. "Well, here's a bit of advice. Don't rouse him, or you'll be sorry. You and I know that we're only fooling. But he doesn't. He doesn't know that we don't care two straws for each other. You—I hate to say it—you're trying to stir him up. You're trying to make him jealous. Don't do it, Christine."

"Jealous?"

"Yes."

He hesitated, then said quickly, "You know what's the matter with him, don't you?"

"The matter?"

"I thought women always knew these things," he explained. "Aren't you all supposed to have some special instinct that tells you when a man is in love?"

She stared at him blankly.

"In love?"

"You didn't know he was in love with you?"

"No."

"He'll never tell you," said Carroll. "I thought if I was—er—attentive, he'd get so worked up that he'd say something. But it seems he won't."

There was a long silence.

"Well, I want my breakfast," said Carroll at last. "Hi, boy, fet[ch] him kai kai!"

His voice rang out, and there was an answering yell from the galley.

"Carroll," said Christine, suddenly, "don't let him know that you've told me."

"All right," he growled. "I'm sorry I did, now. But I had to warn you not to drive him too far. He knows everything you do when he's in the room, even though he never seems to look at you. He mops up every word you say. Tell him? Why, he'd half kill me. Look here, why don't you go on deck and smooth him down a bit? Don't toss your head like that. You're very charming, but it's time someone took you in hand."

His matter-of-fact tone made her laugh in spite of herself, and he laughed back. But beneath his fooling he was deadly serious. Neither he nor Blaize had realized what the strain of being with Christine would prove to the man who loved her. Since the first day out, Carroll had watched them both. He had seen what an iron curb Blaize laid on himself. He knew that the man's passionate nature would not stand proof against the enforced intimacy which is inevitable aboard a small ship. He himself had treated Christine with the gay insouciance of his type, hoping that a sudden burst of jeal-

(Continued on Page 18)

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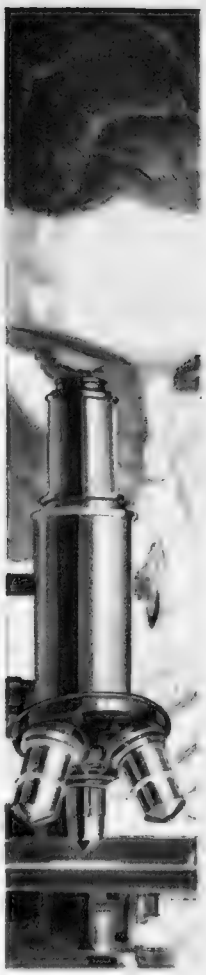

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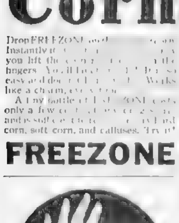

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If you suffer from itching, burning skin, apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots [illegible] see how quickly discomfort is relieved.

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Captain Christine

By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 16)

only would jerk Blaize into speech.

[illegible] he urged. [illegible]

[illegible]

"And what you [illegible]" Carroll [illegible] make a [illegible] companion.

He [illegible] and looked [illegible] eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the Island

THE CURLEW [illegible] to Takunai. At the wheel stood Haggerty [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] by midday they had gained their objective. The Curlew lay in calm clear water, sheltered on the east by a projecting nose of land. At the head of the creek was a strip of shingle. The smooth, naked [illegible] and sloped more [illegible] Palms [illegible] where a stream ran down to the sea from the high ground.

[illegible] in order and [illegible] out, plunging [illegible] the water with [illegible] The Kanakas [illegible] the long boat [illegible]

[illegible]

"Do you [illegible]" Carroll [illegible] Christine. "Remember what I said to you? He's [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible] with somber eyes.

[illegible] she ever look more de[illegible] than at this moment when [illegible] on the brink of [illegible] unconscious of her own beauty? He clenched his hands at the thought of what had passed between them that morning. If she grew to care for Carroll [illegible]

"Come back," he said, suddenly. "Where are you going?"

She turned at his tone.

"I'm going to explore."

"You wait a bit," said Blaize.

uneasy. [illegible] out [illegible]

"You [illegible] for Carroll," [illegible] Very [illegible] sat down on [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] Where's [illegible] Blaize [illegible] and you come to have a look round?"

[illegible] Haggerty [illegible] Come on [illegible]

[illegible] Far be[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] I've sailed with him [illegible] I know his mind. He's just as likely to be lying up for us at this moment as not."

"What made you break with him?" she asked curiously.

"I was only a youngster when I shipped with him. I didn't know what to [illegible] And even when I found out, I had a job to break with him. You wouldn't understand, [illegible]"

"Yes, I heard," she interrupted.

He looked at her and looked [illegible]

[illegible]

"It's not a pretty tale," said Carroll. "I sailed with him for nearly two years. The things he did! Then I found out how he'd tricked me. There wasn't any warrant out for me. The affair had all blown over. After I knew that, I didn't feel scared of him any more."

"So you left him?"

"Yes. It wasn't easy. He'd planned to go down to Johnson Island. I knew why. He was going to settle a score with Peter Hamilton. It was all going to happen as easy and natural as you please, and nobody would find the body until the San Juan was well away. So he said, anyway. But I knew then why I was [illegible] with him. If anything went wrong [illegible] I was young and a fool, but I'd been in a lot of trouble. [illegible]"

[illegible]

"I broke it [illegible]" he went on. "We [illegible] of [illegible] It was awful. I hate to think about it."

He moved restlessly.

"But [illegible]" he said. "I hope he's burn[illegible]. Christine, your father [illegible]"

He hesitated.

"My father wasn't a saint." Christine said, in a hard voice. "He and Treherne work[illegible] shady deals together. But [illegible] father's dead, and Treherne [illegible] alive."

She stared over the cliff's [illegible] at the figures below.

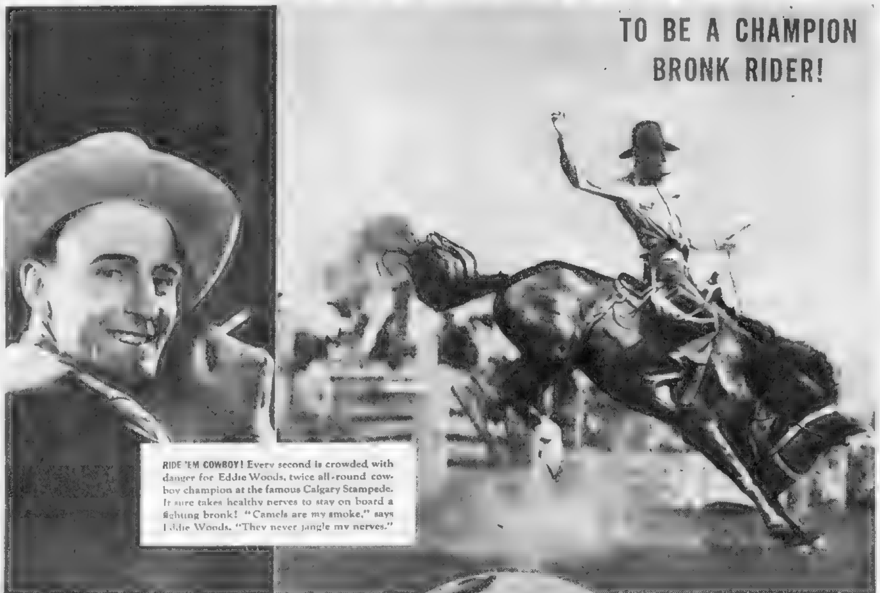
"Are we going to stay ashore [illegible]" she asked. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to rig up a little camp. We can't start taking soundings for that ship till tomorrow. [illegible] what a day! The light and [illegible] color [illegible] enough to make anyone drunk!"

She fetched her arms above her head, and laughed. Carroll [illegible] over on his back, filling [illegible] eyes with the intense blue [illegible] the sky. For a moment he remained still, dazed by the sudden realization of the beauty that the South spills forth like water. [illegible] a streak of green and red and amber, and he watched it until it disappeared among the trees. From far [illegible] the lazy lapping of the water. He had a swift longing that he and Christine might stay forever thus, caught up in this magic, [illegible] like figures on an Etruscan vase. A vague fear, a dim presentiment

(Continued on Page 20)

IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES—

TO BE A CHAMPION BRONK RIDER!



RIDE 'EM COWBOY! Every second is crowded with danger for Eddie Woods, twice all-round cowboy champion at the famous Calgary Stampede. It sure takes healthy nerves to stay on board a fighting bronk! "Camels are my smoke," says Eddie Woods. "They never jangle my nerves."

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

"OUT ON THE RANCH I became *devoted* to riding and *smoking Camels*. Even if I am not in the championship class I need *healthy nerves*. And Camels do not upset my nerves. They are the *mildest* cigarette I know!"

EDDIE WOODS, one of the "top hands" of the cowboy world, [illegible]

"[illegible] an outlaw horse is about the roughest punishment for a man's nerves that [illegible] imagine. To have nerves that [illegible] it, I smoke only Camels. I've tried them all, but Camels are my smoke! They have a [illegible] mildness [illegible] I like their taste better. [illegible] Camels do not jangle my nerves, even when I light up one Camel after another."

° ° °

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IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

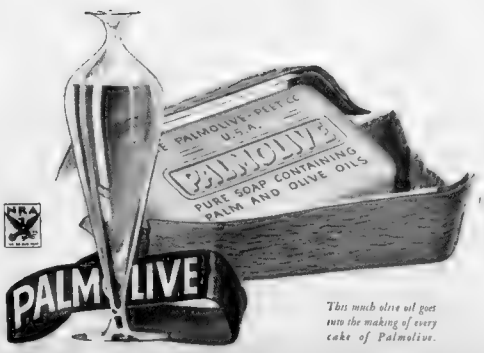
NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES...NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

R. J. Reynolds [illegible] Company

You darling, you!

THE WORLD ADORES THAT PEACH BLOOM SKIN

"OLIVE OIL IN SOAP" *say doctors, "to keep skin lovely"*



This much olive oil goes into the making of every cake of Palmolive.

YOU darling, you! With your velvety, peral-smooth skin! For beauty's sake, let's hope mother knows how to keep that skin of yours enchanting as the years go by

When you were a tiny baby, olive oil was the doctor's prescription for your sensitive skin And, of course, he prescribed "an olive oil soap." Do you know why? Because such a soap is infinitely kind to tender skin

The ideal soap for baby

Palmolive is made from an exclusive blend of olive and palm oils—just these pure, cleansing, beauty oils—and no others The secret of Palmolive's beauty results lies not only in its beauty ingredients—but also in its exclusive blend—a *blend* which has made Palmolive the ideal beauty soap for all types of skin

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Beauty advice you should heed

Mother buy three cakes today. Start tonight—to use this 2-minute treatment, for yourself and baby, both massage Palmolive's soothing lather well into those tiny pores Rinse with warm water, then with cold You'll soon discover that schoolgirl complexions depend on natural, wholesome care. And your beauty, as well as baby's, will be protected by Palmolive—the soap of youth

P. S. For grown-ups Are *you* Schoolgirl Complexion all over? Why not use Palmolive for *your* bath, too

PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth

Captain Christine

By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 18)

Easiest Way to Make Home Repairs

PLASTIC WOOD
Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young
Powdered Saxolite

For a Long Time Ireberne Lay There Watching the Girls as She Swung Through the Blue Morning on Her Own

CHAPTER XV.

The Fugitive

"H

sat down by the fire and wept hot tears of rage

To Be Continued Next Sunday

Blonde Hair
Must have special care to keep it always golden

How

All Pain Stops
Ingrown Nail Turns Right Out!

A few drops of "Freezone" on the sore, painful corn or callus reduces it, then shrivels and so tightens the skin underneath that it can't penetrate. Soon the corn lifts out—naturally and painlessly. Never spoils surrounding skin tissue. How to use "Freezone" and directions in package.

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the Fewer

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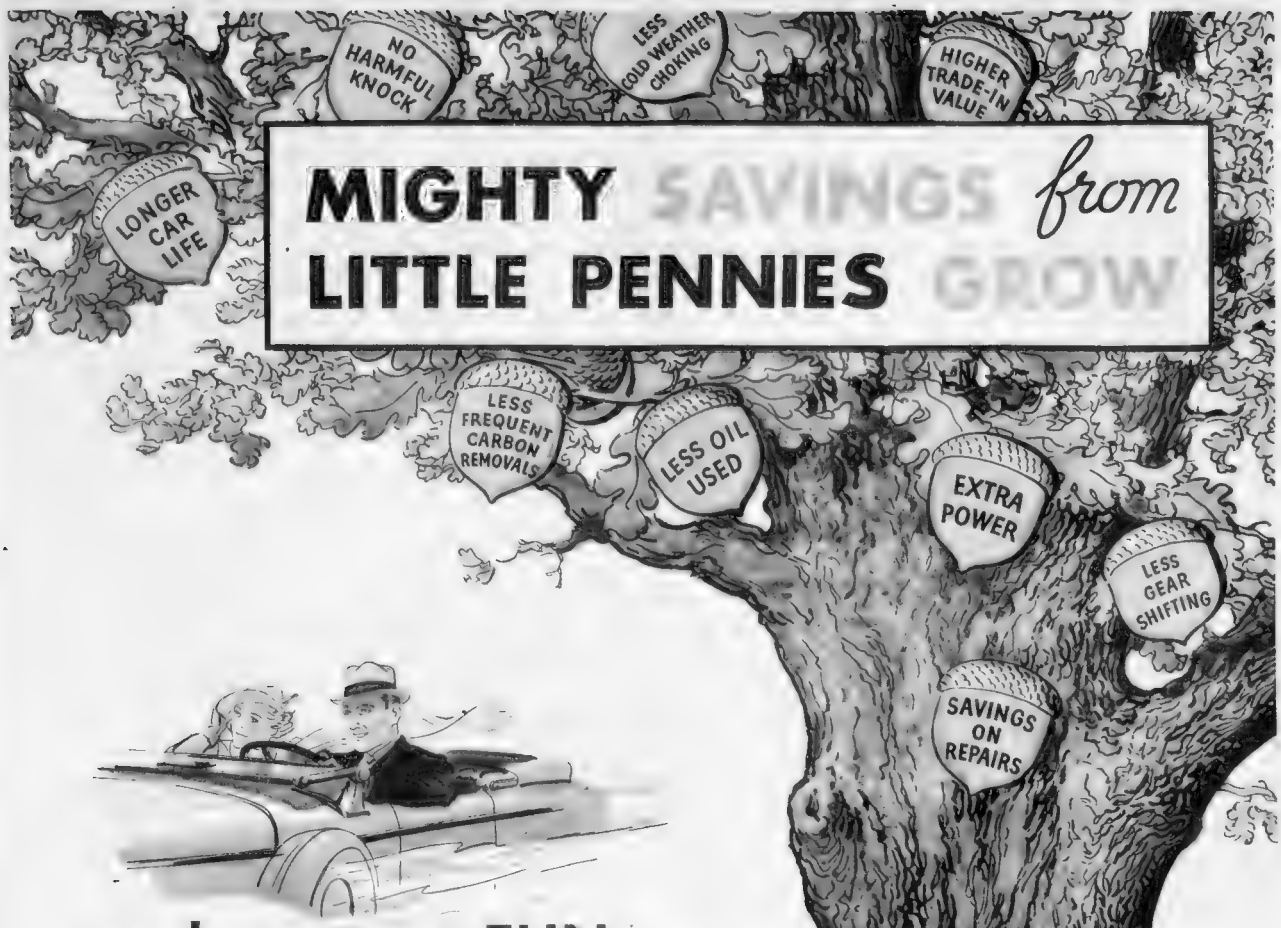

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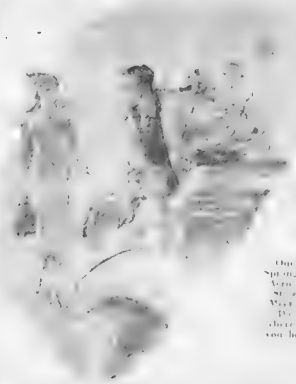
NEXT TIME STOP AT THE ETHYL PUMP

Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig



Quentin Spring Hall Writes the Street in West Kensington Describing their boys and hers"

(Continued on Page 24)

Tip on Eddie Cantor

"WE WANT CANTOR"

BORN IN NEW YORK, SON OF A POOR VIOLINIST. PARENTS DIED WHEN HE WAS 2. BROKE INTO THEATRE ON AMATEUR NIGHT AND BECAME GUS EDWARDS' PROTEGE. . STARRED IN ZIEGFELD FOLLIES. . HAS FIVE DAUGHTERS. IS CHIEF SUPPORT OF JEWISH ORPHANAGE IN NEW YORK. .

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Corrective diet not always effective

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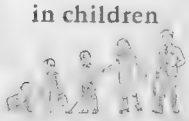
Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA for constipation in children



from babyhood to 11 years

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LOVE IS *not* BLIND

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Would *Your* complexion mar the perfect moment?

COULD you face with confidence the keen eyes of love? Or would you be embarrassed by that sign of a neglected complexion — a *shiny, oily* nose?

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You'll be thrilled with this clinging powder's soft, smooth texture, its delicate coloring, its delicious French fragrance and that natural, youthful, unpowdered look it gives you. You will find that its purity protects and improves your skin. Pompeian is free from grit and starch . . . it cannot irritate, nor enlarge pores. In fact, no matter how much you pay, you cannot buy a better quality face powder.

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NRA

Pompeian
BEAUTY POWDER
Windblown through Silk

Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 22)

[illegible] laughed. "Flattering [illegible] A good omen too. An early bride ought to mean a [illegible] wife."

Kay didn't reply. [illegible]

Mrs. Murdock [illegible] "I'm mighty happy [illegible] you are two [illegible] could scarcely [illegible] when he told [illegible] were to be married [illegible] doing it [illegible]."

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVII.

Married

TO Kay the whole ceremony was curiously unreal. It wasn't ever her wildest conception of what a wedding might be. She refused to allow [illegible]

ers, and in a strangely detached way thought them pretty.

[illegible]

mance began and where it's ended!"

Quentin leant across the table. His sharp features were aggressive. "How do you mean, ended?"

[illegible] "Doesn't every romance end with the wedding?"

"[illegible] going to," he said [illegible].

[illegible]

able. The elder woman touched her face impulsively, bent forward and kissed her. "I wouldn't have my boy hurt for worlds," she murmured. "He was hurt desperately once. For a time I thought he'd never marry. I'm glad he has, though."

The next moment she laughed and added, "But I realize there's little use in my talking. The young will always manage their affairs their own way. Even a honeymoon which afterwards [illegible]"

[illegible]

Mrs. Murdock opened her large black hand bag, fumbled in it and finally produced a minute square of white crepe which passed for a handkerchief. She touched her eyes with it hastily, and said with a wry smile, "It can be rather a heartbreaking business, too."

Her sister looked at her in some alarm. "Don't you think she's the right girl for him?"

Mrs. Murdock thought a moment. "I think she would be when she's a little older. She doesn't see things very clearly at present. And she doesn't know the first thing about Quentin."

"You think she loves him, don't you?" Molly asked sharply.

Mrs. Murdock shrugged. "I don't know. I only know Quentin worships her. Terrible for him should anything happen."

Molly shook her arm affectionately. "Come now, old lady, you're getting morbid. What could happen?"

Mrs. Murdock smiled faintly. "Nothing that I can think of, yet . . ." she hesitated a moment and an odd shiver ran through her. "I feel something is going to happen. At lunch I found myself thinking, 'Yes, this is the calm that comes before the storm [illegible] all right.' I can't imagine what put the thought into my head. [illegible] it's the last thing I want to think. Besides, to me there [illegible] something queer about the whole affair. The only thing I feel certain of is Quentin's love for her." She added with a little sigh. "I wish I didn't feel so certain of it."

"But she seemed such a nice girl," Molly puzzled. "I can't see her letting him down."

"Of course she mayn't. I may be talking through my hat," Mrs. Murdock said sharply. "But if she does . . . well, I'm a little afraid what effect it may have upon Quentin."

* * *

A silence settled over Quentin and Kay as they drove away. Perhaps after the excitement of the departure they both felt flat. Quentin, much to his own surprise, found himself wanting to ask her if she loved him and if she were happy [illegible] questions he [illegible] as fatuous.

He thought wryly, "Certainly this feeling of love is destructive to your sense of humor!" He wanted to stop his car right there in the midst of all the traffic, put his hand under her chin, turn her small face up to his and kiss her. In that moment he felt any fine would be worth it.

Instead he heard himself asking where she had left her baggage.

"With the porter where Lang's flat is," she told him.

He seemed surprised. "You've been staying there?"

"I told you I'd been looking after him. He's been ill."

He frowned. "Yes, I remember."

But queerly the mention of Lang seemed momentarily to have driven those absurd lover-like thoughts from his mind.

He asked, rather sharply, "You didn't mind leaving him, Kay?"

Kay felt tempted to reply, "I did. I minded leaving him terribly." Instead she evaded, "He's better now. There was no need for my staying on."

"I can't quite get the hang of your relationship with Lang," he said quietly.

"There isn't anything to get the hang of," Kay retorted quickly. "He's Angela's husband."

"I know. And yet. . ." Suddenly the frown lifted and he smiled. "If I didn't love you so much I wouldn't be so jealous. Forgive me, won't you? A man who's jealous on his honeymoon ought either to be horse-whipped or put in an asylum!"

They were drawn up before the building. "I left some of the things up in the apartment," she said. "Will you come and help me bring them down?"

As she passed the porter's desk the man stopped her and said, "There's a lady waiting to see Mr. Halliday, miss. I thought I'd better tell you. She's in the waiting room now." He paused a moment then added with a sly wink, "Been asking a lot of questions. Says she's Mrs. Halliday and wants to know what's been going on in her husband's apartment. But trust me, miss," he put a finger to the side of his nose and winked again, "I didn't give you away. I've been too long at the game."

Kay felt a hot unpleasant color creep to her temples. She was horribly aware that, to the porter, it must look very much like guilt. So Angela was here! So she'd found out that she, Kay, had been staying in Lang's apartment. Well, she'd made no secret of it. Even answered the 'phone herself. She remembered that once after she'd answered it, the connection had gone dead. That must have been Angela.

Quentin had pushed past her and was leaning across the desk. "What's this all about?" he asked sharply. He added, indicating Kay, "This lady is my wife."

"That's all right," the porter said hastily. "I was just telling her for her own good. The lady who's waiting in there seems as though she might be unpleasant."

The muscles of Quentin's face tightened. He turned towards Kay.

"It's Angela, isn't it?"

She nodded unhappily. "It must be."

"Don't you think it was rather foolish . . ." he began. Then he stopped abruptly.

"Still, once she knows it was me she can't mind so much," Kay insisted, loyal to the memory of the Angela she remembered from childhood.

Quentin laughed shortly. "I wouldn't be so sure." He hesitated, frowned and added. "I guess we'd better see her and stop whatever she's trying to do before it goes too far."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The Bible Stories in Genesis Came From Egypt?

(Continued from Double Page)

tree's whispering lures the lover to its cool shadow for the love not on.

Dr. Yahuda explains the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil [illegible] was a love tree. The whole episode which led the first [illegible] woman to become [illegible] of [illegible] and sin was prompted by the love fruit [illegible] by them. In Egyptian po[illegible] played this [illegible] Hebrew poetry the [illegible] a love tree [illegible]

[illegible]

The Egyptian [illegible] of the serpent tempting [illegible] in the Book of Genesis [illegible] by Dr. Yahuda. Everywhere in Egypt snakes creep about undisturbed in fields and gardens and climb freely on walls and trees. In all ancient pictorial representation of the Egyptian lower world they appear in [illegible] gardens and groves. Some [illegible] they have the appearance [illegible] large boa constrictors, with human arms or wings. It was such a serpent that the Hebrew author of the Paradise story had in mind.

He is represented as a companionable and sociable snake, benevolently disposed to man. It is expressly stated in Genesis, chapter [illegible] that "the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field." He talks to the woman in an attractive, familiar way, like all the animals in Egyptian fables. Dr. Yahuda makes an interesting comparison of the Paradise serpent with one depicted on an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus, with human arms and legs, standing in an upright attitude before a god and putting a round cake, or fruit, into his mouth.

It was the role of the serpent to supply the gods with food in the Egyptian lower world, and this is why it could approach Eve to talk to her about the fruit of the Garden without arousing her suspicion or alarm.

The Bible speaks of the man stepping on the snake with his heel and the serpent biting him on the foot. This is a frequent way of representing the serpent in conflict with the sun-god, Ra, in ancient Egyptian text. In the Book of the Dead of [illegible] Nefer there are scenes showing the combat between the serpent and the sun god R[a]. The latter is represented as a cat, which is naturally hostile to the snake. In the picture the snake, mad with rage, hurls himself against the cat at the moment when the feline emerges from the [holy] tree. The serpent attempts to bite the cat on the paw, but the cat strikes it with one paw and with a knife in the other paw cuts off its head.

It seems clear that the story of the serpent tempting Eve could only have been composed by one familiar with Egyptian mythology.

The building of the Tower of Babel is one of the most interesting incidents in the Book of Genesis. It is admitted by Dr. Yahuda to be a description of a Babylonian tower, but it was written from an Egyptian point of view. The narrative in Genesis, chapter 11, verse 3, coincides almost literally with inscriptions describing the Temple Etemenanki of Ezagila, the chief temple of Babylon. The materials, sand bricks and sun-dried bricks, are typically Babylonian, and the expression in Genesis, chapter 11, verse 4, that "its top may reach unto heaven," recalls similar phrases in descriptions of Etemenanki.

Nevertheless, the tower is not conceived by the author in its characteristic Babylonian form, namely as a step-tower (zikkurat) as the original legend certainly had it, but as a four-cornered fortress tower, which was common in Egypt and in the Asiatic borderlands of Egypt. The tower in the Hebrew is not called by a Babylonian name, but is called "migdal," a Canaanitish word for "tower," which was widely used in Egypt.

There is another mark of Egyptian influence in the story, namely the explanatory remarks that bricks were used instead of stone in the tower, and slime, or bitumen, instead of mortar or loam. Such an explanation can only have been intended for a people among whom the use of bricks for monumental buildings was unheard of, as in Egypt. For the same reason the author added that in place of the loam, which was common in Egypt, bitumen was used for mortar. In Egypt the latter material was only employed to make tight timber joints, to pitch ships, seal coffins and the like.

"The mythical background of the Egyptian or Babylonian myths in Genesis is transformed into an ethical one," concludes Dr. Yahuda. "All the primitive and beautiful ideas present in the polytheistic myths are converted into purely moral impulses for the promotion of good and the defeat of evil."

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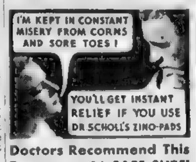

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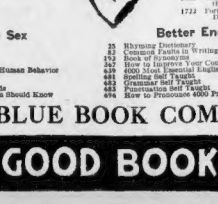

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CALL it a national taste or what you will, Americans do not feel they start the day right without some form of hot bread for breakfast. And of all the appetizing, crunchy, golden brown and tender morsels, the muffin is queen of breakfast breads.

Muffins are about the simplest batter to both mix and bake. They need rapid mixing, but little stirring. Once a recipe for standard muffins is mastered there is practically no limit to the variety which may be made merely by adding a few nuts, dates, raisins, or by varying the flours used.

Either pastry flour or cake flour makes a batter of a light tender consistency. If all-purpose flour is used reduce the amount, using about 3 tablespoonfuls less per cup of measurement. Perhaps the one trick in muffin making is to sift the flour sufficiently because as the flour is taken from the bag or box it is always packed down and there is a tendency to get more flour than the recipe demands.

And it is an excess of flour that makes the muffins crack open on the top! If whole wheat or bran or graham flour is to be used, sift as usual and then return the coarser bran left in the sifter to the ingredients in the mixing bowl. A one-handed sifter is excellent and saves a great deal of time. Never pack down flour as you do sugar.

Be sure that you use standard measuring cups and measuring spoons, and that all measurements are level, particularly the baking powder which is so important an ingredient of all muffins. Generally the technique of mixing is as follows: Sift the flour, then measure the required amount, and next twice sift it with baking powder, salt and sugar.

The shortening used may be butter, vegetable cooking oil or combinations of both. The chief point here is to have the shortening melted or so softened that it combines instantly and readily with the batter. A knack of an old Southern mammy famous for her baked breads, was to heat the shortening sizzling hot in one of the empty muffin pans, and pour this sizzling shortening the last thing into the batter. She said that there was something in the very hot fat which helped the batter become light.

The pans in which muffins are baked add greatly to their interest. The same batter appears quite different when baked in a round tin, a straight-sided tin, or in a pan known as "Golf ball pans" which produce a pleasing spherical shape.

Then there are the cornbread fingers pans which have the indentation or mold of a corn ear in the bottom. Muffins may be baked in them as well as cornbread. The regular popover pan is slightly different and deeper than the usual muffin tin.

Muffin rings are of wider diameter and the resulting batch is known as crumpets instead of muffins. These latter are favored by English and Canadians who, by the way, prefer muffins for tea rather than muffins for breakfast. Muffin rings are loose from the pan and some housewives prefer to use them.

After mastering plain muffins it is nice to try adding small amounts of stewed fruit to the batter, such as in apricot muffins where one drained stewed apricot is added. Blueberry muffins need not be confined to Summertime use, for the canned huckleberry is just as delicious as fresh fruit when added to any muffin mixture. Canned crushed pineapple is even more delicious in muffins.

Muffins also are one way to use up small portions of leftover cooked breakfast cereal. Rice muffins for example are delicious when made with 1 cup of cooked rice in the mixture. Any other cereal may be similarly used.

Cornmeal muffins are another standby and the flour used should be selected with care. The white cornmeal gives a more delicate texture and if yellow meal is used, try and see that it is the old-fashioned stone ground meal which has so much better flavor and deliciousness.

Bran gives not only increased wholesomeness to this tasty breakfast bread, but provides interesting texture especially when combined with raisins and other fruits. Well made, the bran gem is a universal favorite, especially with men. The fruited bran gem often calls for molasses which is another ingredient giving rich flavor. Honey, too, may be used as a sweetener to this light type of batter.

Although not so much milk goes sour in Autumn as in Summer, sour milk and buttermilk are especially useful in a muffin batter. In case they are used reduce the amount called for in a standard recipe.

A bowl of muffin batter may be premixed and left in the refrigerator the night before. Or it may be mixed early in the day and left ready to become evolved into muffins or crumpets for afternoon tea.

And by the way, muffins are perhaps the one batter which seems best when done entirely by hand process, and never with the aid of a mechanical mixer.

Muffins are not mysterious, but they represent a high degree of cooking technique to perfect them light, tender and golden brown, ready for the addition of butter or jam.

Standard Muffins: 2¼ cups cake or pastry flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup fresh milk, 3 tablespoons melted fat. Sift flour, then measure. Sift with baking powder, salt and sugar. Beat egg until frothy. Add milk and turn into the dry ingredients. Add melted shortening and mix quickly and thoroughly. This will take about 20 seconds of beating and stirring. Have greased pans hot and sizzling. Fill two-thirds full of batter. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes or until muffins are golden brown.

Raisin Muffins or Date Muffins: Add from ½ to 1 cup cut seeded and sliced fruits, to standard recipe.

Fruit Bran Muffins: 2 tablespoons molasses, ¾ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, lightly beaten, 2 cups sour milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 3 cups bran flour, ¾ cup bread flour, ½ cup shredded dates, ½ cup chopped raisins, 3 tablespoons chopped nut meats. Combine and bake.

Nut Muffins: Add ¼ cup finely chopped pecan or walnut meats to standard recipe.

Berry or Fruit Muffins: 2¼ cups sifted flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup berries or fruit drained and cut small, 1 egg well beaten, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons melted butter. Combine, adding berries last. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes (be sure fruits are well drained).

How to Make Potato Chowder

INGREDIENTS: 2 ounces salt pork, 1 large onion, 2 stalks celery, 1½ teaspoons salt, few grains paprika, 6 or 8 potatoes, 2 quarts milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour. Finely chop salt pork and cook, stirring constantly, until delicately browned. Pass onion and celery through food chopper and add to pork. Add salt and paprika, cover with boiling water and simmer gently about 15 minutes. Wash and pare potatoes and pass through food chopper. Mix with other vegetables and add just enough water to cover. Cook gently about 25 minutes. Melt butter, add flour and blend well. Add scalded milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Combine with vegetables, bring to boiling point and serve hot.

Menus for Fall Entertaining

Wedding Luncheon (Buffet Style I)
Strawberry Cocktail
Sweetbreads in Individual Molds — Olives — Salted Nuts
Small French Rolls — Jellied Chicken Salad on Heart Lettuce
Green Mayonnaise — Rolled Sandwiches — Pistachio Ice Cream
Small Frosted Cakes With Rose Frosting — Coffee

Wedding Luncheon (Buffet Style II)
Fruit Cocktail
Small Chicken Croquettes — Green Peas — Tiny Buttered Baking Powder Biscuit
Tomato and Heart Lettuce Salad — Marshmallow Ice Cream
Small Cakes with White Mountain Cream — Coffee

Game Dinner I
Fricassee of Rabbit — Baking Powder Biscuit — Buttered Beets
Candied Sweet Potatoes — Currant Jelly — Asparagus Salad
French Dressing — Fruit Tarts — Coffee

Game Dinner II
Smothered Rabbit — Paprika Potatoes
Buttered Broccoli — Currant Jelly — Apple Pie — Coffee

Buffet Supper
Creamed Chicken, Peas and Mushrooms in Timbales
Potato Chips — Philadelphia Relish — Buttered Ice Box Rolls
Frozen Peaches — Gold Cake — Coffee

Buffet Luncheon
Cold Roast Chicken (Sliced Thin) — Potato and Asparagus Tips Salad
Tomato Sandwiches — Raspberry or Peach Sherbet — Delicate Cake — Tea

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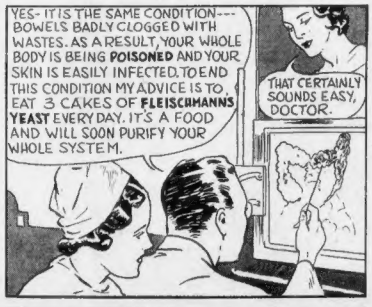

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The Humble Potato in Many Guises

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Potato Cakes.

TO well seasoned mashed potatoes add a little beaten egg or enough to make of consistency to form into small cakes. Roll cakes in flour and cook in a little fat in hot frying pan until golden brown.

Watercress Potatoes.

INGREDIENTS: 2 cups hot riced potatoes, 3 tablespoons butter, 1¼ teaspoons salt, ½ cup cream, 1 tablespoon watercress. Beat potatoes, butter, salt and cream until light. Add finely chopped watercress and ¼ teaspoon chopped mint leaves, if desired.

Baked Cheese Potatoes.

INGREDIENTS: 6 large hot baked potatoes, ½ cup scalded milk, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ pound grated cheese, ¼ teaspoon paprika. Cut potatoes in half lengthwise and scoop out centers. Press through ricer. Add cheese to hot milk and beat with egg-beater until smooth. Mix with potatoes, add seasoning and whip until creamy. Refill shells and bake in hot oven 6 minutes. Place on hot serving dish and serve immediately.

Luncheon Creamed Potatoes.

PUT well seasoned creamed potatoes in individual casserole dishes. Place a well-cooked sausage in center of each. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs, brown delicately and serve immediately.

Potato Puff With Creamed Left-Overs.

PRESS 4 cups well seasoned mashed potatoes through potato ricer. Add 3 tablespoons butter, a few grains paprika, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ cup scalded rich milk. Beat until light. If desired, add 2 or 3 tablespoons finely chopped pimiento or cooked green pepper. Spread in an iron frying pan containing 1 tablespoon bacon fat. Cook about 10 minutes. Fold and turn out on a hot serving dish and serve with creamed left-over meat.

Potato Gnochi.

PARE and boil 1 pound of potatoes, drain as soon as they are done and mash, adding while hot 2 tablespoons butter, 1 whole egg and 1 yolk, 3 ounces flour, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly and shape into small balls, crisscross them lightly with the back of the fork and poach in boiling water. Drain on a napkin, arrange on a dish in layers, sprinkling each layer with grated cheese, cover the top layer generously with grated cheese and dot with butter. Set in a hot oven to gratinate.

Potato Cutlets.

BOIL potatoes, peel and press through a coarse sieve. To 6 medium potatoes add 2 yolks of eggs, salt and pepper to taste and mix thoroughly, shape into flat cutlets, roll in flour, brush with beaten eggs, dust with fine bread crumbs and fry until a delicate golden color. Serve with tomato sauce. Two tablespoons chopped mushrooms braised in butter may be added to the mixture.

Potato Puree.

INGREDIENTS: 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 quart milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 slice onion, few grains paprika. Scald milk with onion in top of double boiler. Remove onion. Add one-half the milk to the mashed potatoes, beat well and reheat over hot water. Melt butter, add flour and paprika and blend well. Add milk and stir constantly until creamy. Add to potato mixture and cook over hot water 10 minutes. Garnish with bits of parsley or sprinkle with paprika.

Potato Biscuit.

INGREDIENTS: 1 cake yeast, 1 pint milk, 1 quart flour, 1 egg, 1 quart mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon granulated sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter. Bake and mash 6 large potatoes (enough to make 1 quart), place in bowl, add salt, sugar and butter. Take a cupful of the milk, heat until lukewarm, dissolve yeast cake in it, and add enough flour to make a sponge—about 1 cup. Set sponge aside in warm place, free from draught, to rise. Bring remaining milk to boiling point and add it to the potatoes, salt, sugar and butter. When the sponge has risen and dropped back, add it to the other materials, also add the egg well beaten, remainder of flour and mix all thoroughly together. Let rise in a warm place. Butter a baking sheet and drop the mixture from a tablespoon, as the dough should not be handled. Let rise again and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Poached Eggs, Toast, Bread Crumb Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup, Coffee.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Scones, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Sausage, Muffins, Hashed Potatoes, Coffee.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Plain Omelet, Graham Tea Biscuits, Coffee.	Fruit, Codfish Cakes, Hashed Potatoes in Cream, Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Syrup, Coffee	Fruit, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Company)*
Black Bean Soup, Tuna Fish a la King, Rolls, Fruit Cup.	Stuffed Baked Peppers, Idaho Potatoes or Spaghetti, Ginger Rolls, Tea.	Cheese Fondue. Green Bouquet Salad, Toast, Tea.	Cream of Spinach Soup, Croutons, Left-Over Moon Glow Cake. Tea.	Vegetable Soup, Apple Pie or Prune Whip, Tea.	Toasted Sandwiches, Apple Saute, Hot Fruit Punch.	Frosted Grapes, Pork Tenderloin with Cream Gravy, Canned Sweet Potatoes, Rice, Green Vegetable, Spiced Fruit Pickles, Mystery Blanc Mange, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Assorted Grapes, Mock Roast, Tomato Sauce, Onions, Macedoine Salad, Pineapple Delight.	Tomato Juice Cocktail, Roast Lamb, Potatoes Du Monte, Buttered Green Vegetable, Watercress, Canned Pear and Mint Jelly Salad, Wafers, Coffee.	Roast Lamb (Left-Over), Vegetables in Casserole, Corn Fritters, Fruit Molded in Lime Gelatin, Whipped Cream, Moon Glow Cake.	Fruit Cocktail, Hamburg Steak, Brown Gravy, Steamed Rice or Noodles, Buttered Broccoli or Cauliflower, Chocolate Marshmallow Roll.	Broiled Veal Kidney Chops, Macaroni, Wild Grape Jelly, Asparagus Salad with Vinaigrette Sauce, Steamed Graham Pudding with Fruit Sauce.	Hot Fruit Punch.	Broiled Veal Kidney Chops, Macaroni, Wild Grape Jelly, Asparagus Salad with Vinaigrette Sauce, Steamed Graham Pudding with Fruit Sauce.
						Toast, Strawberry Jam, Punch.

American Weekly Patterns

A PRETTY MORNING FROCK (8037). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 will require 3¾ yards of 32-inch material.

A DISTINCTIVE STYLE FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (8036). Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 44 will require 5¼ yards of 39-inch material, together with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting material for collar and vestee.

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A PRETTY FROCK FOR A TINY TOT (8054). Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2 yards of 39-inch material. The sash will require 1⅞ yards of ribbon or a strip of material 1¾ yards long and 5½ inches wide.

A POPULAR STYLE WITH NEW FEATURES (8053). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 1¼ yards of 54-inch material for the dress and 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material for the guimpe. The bow of narrow ribbon requires ⅝ yard.

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LADY'S SLIP (7482). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2¾ yards of 35-inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 11-6 yards of lace for the upper edge and 2½ yards for the lower edge. The shoulder straps of ribbon require 1 yard.

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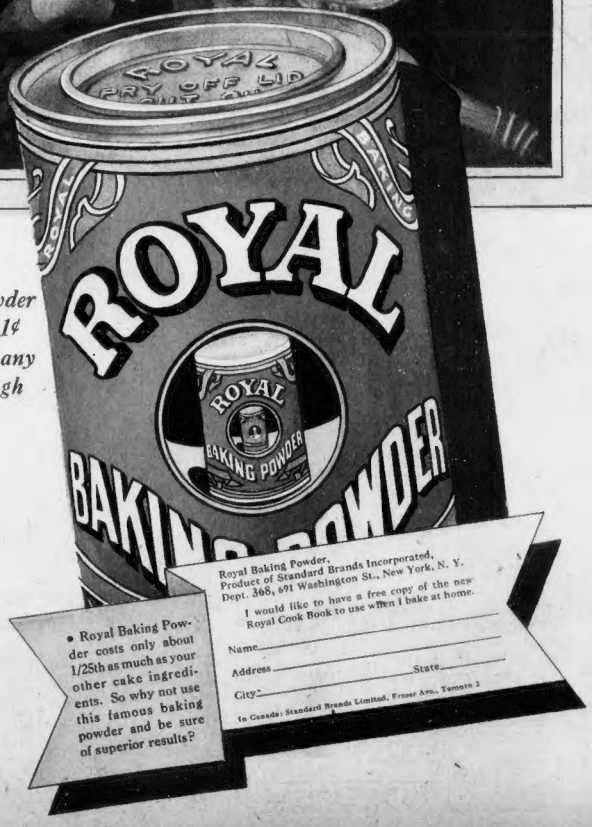

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